"I just turned around...
and they all vanished."

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A. ARIELI Advt.

THE JERUSALEM POST WEEK-END MAGAZINE

Assistant Secretary of State Joseph Sisco gets an intent glance from one of his "welcoming committee," Israeli Ambassador to the U.N. Yitzhak Rabin, at Lydda airport. For the issues behind Sisco's visit (and the contents) see page 4. (Photo by Israel Sun)

FRIDAY, JULY 30, 1971

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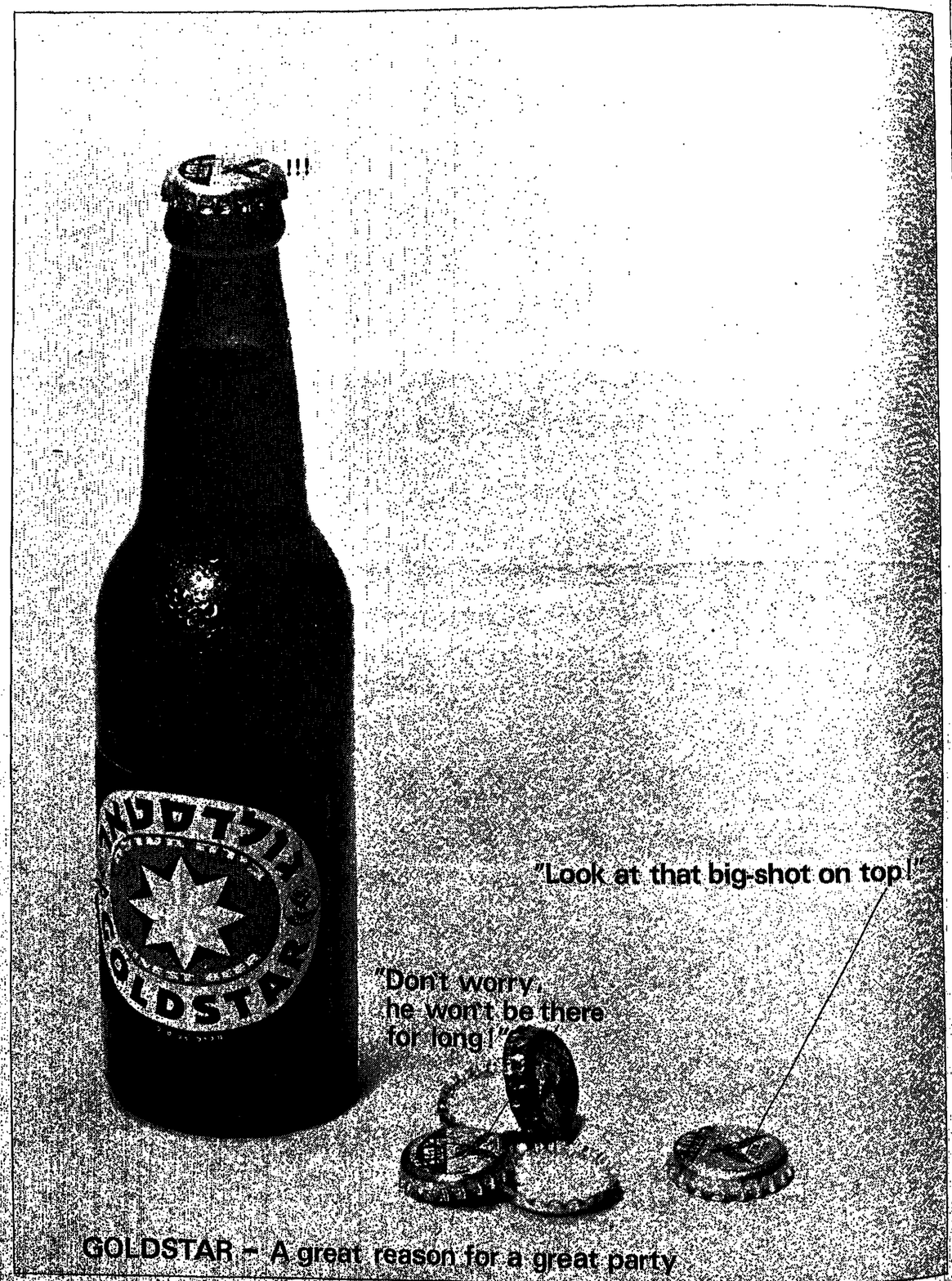


HOME AFFAIRS AT LAST

Parliamentary Report By Lea Ben Dor

THERE is always a kind of cheerful, festive mood on the *last day of the Knesset summer* session, the last of the working year. If it is impolite to say it reminds one of the last day of the year at school, let us say it is like the last day of the year at college. Colleagues and friends part on a note of anxiety because there is no knowing how much may not happen before the Knesset is due to re-assemble after the holidays, in October. Often this last day is taken up *with odds and ends of business* and technicalities that must be finished off. This time it was nothing less than Mrs. Meir's formal statement on her ministry.

For once, it concerned only home affairs. Mrs. Meir was as outspoken, as direct, as uncynical, as only she can be. She waded into all the delicate issues and put them squarely on the line. She has no miracle cures to offer, but a rather reassuring *mixture of total confidence in our* general approach, and admission of error or failure on some points. As a result, the speech was well received by those much concerned with communal integration and poverty problems, and not at all well by such firmly traditional ideologues as Mr. Moshe Carmel, a former Ahdut Ha'avoda man, whose vocabulary of accepted phrases does not cover the special difficulties of *immigrants from Oriental* countries and those of their children who did not make good as fast as was hoped.

Mr. Carmel is still way back somewhere with the working classes *exploited by rich manufacturers* for the private benefit, and the hard-won right to strike for enough pay to feed their children. Today's top-pay strikers do not belong in this picture, and he had nothing but indignation for Mrs. Meir's surprisingly open admission that in the past she had never believed in legislation on labour and strike rights, but that she had come round to the conclusion that they had become necessary. *Her reasoning is* simple. There are people at the bottom of the wage scale who should get more money, but they cannot get it because the people at the top of the scale successfully demand more. They also insist on the principle of the "differential," the existing gap between the grades of workers. Worst of all is the failure to abide by signed labour contracts. She did not say a great deal about the *Histadrut*, but she made it sufficiently clear that she does not feel the Histadrut is playing the part it should in regulating labour disputes and making its own members honour their contracts.

She produced a new formulation of a basic Zionist principle. We are not doing the immigrants anything in the nature of a favour by absorbing them, any more then they are doing us a favour by coming here; the two together are the essentials of Zionism. To which Mr. Mordechai Bibi (Alignment), who comes from Iraq, replied in a rather sad and wandering speech that, *when all is said and done, the* immigrants in his day, early in the state, had not been given the conditions immigrants received now, and the difference should be made up to them.

* * *

VERY characteristically, Mrs. Meir belongs back in the period of self-help, and not in the day of the modern psychological welfare state, where double care *is lavished on those who, as the* term goes, lack motivation. The eradication of poverty requires two, the helper and the one who will make an effort himself. People who are passive objects of welfare cannot be moved very far from their present condition, she feels. True. But it is also a point from which modern welfare shies away as deliberately as Mr. Carmel does from the fact that the right to strike can be abused by privileged workers already getting far more than their colleagues.

The original Zionist theory did not provide for wars or displaced or disadvantaged Arabs. It also assumed that once the state was built, all would be well in it automatically. Too many of the party traditionalists have accepted these principles and declined to look beyond them to what comes after. For two many, *social criticism is lack of "Zionism,"* of the required total faith. It is good to discover that Mrs. Meir is by no means trapped in this ideology herself, even if she continues to hold that a little hard work never did anyone any harm. There has been a growing feeling of a lack of leadership on the home front, and she has made a first dent in this.

* * *

THE odds and ends had been dealt with on Tuesday, in a marathon session that ran from noon to midnight. It included a great many questions to ministers of no unusual interest, and also one more attempt to clear up the charges and counter-charges that developed from a scuffle with sit-down strikers outside the Knesset in June, in which Knesset Member David Levi claimed he had been assaulted and injured by police. Police had been called in the first place by the Knesset Guard to help remove strikers who were obstructing the main entrance to the Knesset, the Palombo Gate. Mr. Levi came out — he comes from Beit Shean, like *the strikers*, and was interested in their claim for work and housing.

After this point the tale depends on who is telling it. Mr. Levi charged Police Minister Shlomo Hillel with slander and abuse of his parliamentary immunity in saying, in reply to a question by Mr. Mordechai Ben Porat (Alignment), that Mr. Levi had interfered with the police while they were carrying out a difficult and disagreeable task, and had not been assaulted or injured by a police officer. Mr. Hillel quoted the statements of three Knesset guards, which appeared to indicate that police and guards treated Mr. Levi with respect, although he got into their fight with the demonstrators; he insisted on getting into the front seat of a police jeep that was to take several men who had been arrested to the lock-up, occupying the place needed for the escort.

Mr. Levi quoted a statement from an unnamed witness, made in front of two Gahal lawyers, to the effect that Mr. Levi had been dragged from the jeep as it moved off, hitting his head on the fender as a result. During a struggle of this kind those present do not take notes in case they are asked for evidence later, and the witnesses cannot be blamed for discrepancies. Only the officer and Mr. Levi himself may know whether he was pushed, pulled, or possibly changed his mind at the last moment and jumped after the jeep started.

Mr. Levi duly lodged a complaint with the Knesset Speaker, Mr. Barkatt, who ordered an investigation by a Knesset sub-committee, which decided not to appoint a parliamentary committee to carry the enquiry further. Gahal declares that this was simply because the Alignment has a majority on all Knesset bodies, and can vote down any proposal disagreeable to it.

A normally fair-minded Alignment member says he believes that Mr. Levi, who is 28, realized that he had behaved thoughtlessly and would have been willing to let the matter drop, but Gahal hard-liners like Mrs. Raziel Naor and Mr. Y. Aridor, a young lawyer, insisted that he press his case. A parliamentary enquiry into a matter affecting a Knesset member is a farce, because witnesses are not bound to appear before it, and the members have little choice but to support their party viewpoint.

Since 1969 we have machinery for government enquiries, such as that which has now been set in motion in connection with the allegations that *football matches* are "sold" by players to persons betting on the results. A committee of this kind has the service of judges at its disposal and can subpoena witnesses, and there is a good prospect that it can produce fair and acceptable answers. Mr. Levi certainly has not asked for such an enquiry, and the situation scarcely warrants it. Under the circumstances he is likely to go on saying he was *knocked about, while the police* deny it. Alternatively, he could sue the officer with all the prestige of a Knesset Member in support of his word.

* * *

APART *from the question of* the abstract truth, which no outsider can establish, what is really at issue here is a definition of the rights, duties and privileges of Knesset Members. Mr. Levi said, "A woman was being dragged on the road. A youth was pulled by his hair. When, as a Knesset Member, in the Knesset Square, in accordance with my rights and duties, I sought to prevent bloodshed, I was twice attacked by a police officer, and the second time I suffered a head injury." One would hope it is the business of everybody to prevent bloodshed if they can do so, but that is no more the duty of a Knesset member than of you and me. *It is, quite specifically, the* duty of the police. A Knesset member has a great many duties connected with public affairs, and the privilege of being secure from arrest and search of his person or house or interference with his car. He has no authority to give orders to the police or to demand that he be permitted to accompany arrested persons to the station.

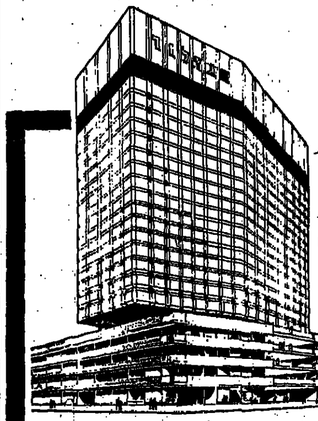
There are occasions where any citizen may feel he wishes to do just that, but then he must either persuade the officer in charge of the case that his intentions are lawful, or contact a superior officer and ask him to intervene.

There is not the slightest doubt that, legally speaking, Mr. Levi was in the wrong in attempting to force his authority on a police officer, despite Gahal protests.

* * *

THERE might be some other occasion, some other demonstration, where Gahal would not be best pleased to have, say, Mr. Tewfik Toubi, the New Communist member, authorized to instruct the police where to go or what to do with persons they had arrested.

All in all it was an unsavoury incident. Mr. Levi, who has not spoken more than once or twice in his two and a half years in the Knesset, has not done himself much good.



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SISCO and the MASSADA COMPLEX

POST Political Correspondent YA'ACOV RUELL examines the faces of Egyptian diplomacy and their relation to the mission of the visiting Assistant Secretary of State, Joseph Sisco.

THAT master magician of American diplomacy, Doctor Joseph E. Sisco, also known as U.S. Assistant Secretary of State for Near Eastern and South Asian Affairs, is in town, and rumour has it that he is to start therapy sessions to try and cure Prime Minister Golda Meir of her "Massada complex," which has reportedly hobbled efforts to secure an accord for the reopening of the Suez Canal. If that is so, he certainly has his work cut out: the alleged complex, if it exists, is not so much a personal affliction of Mrs. Meir but a national neurosis; and it is, in some measure at least, a fairly reasoned response to the observed facts of the outside world.

Dr. Sisco (Ph.D., Russian Studies) has come to Jerusalem shortly after the publication, in Beirut, of the memoirs of Dr. Ahmed Shukairy, in which the one-time leader of the Palestinian cause lovingly recalls that he had "frequently called on the Arabs to liquidate the State of Israel and to throw the Jews into the sea." But, insists Dr. Shukairy, he was never alone in this view, which he still upholds: it was the general view of Arab leaders, politicians, and journalists. It was the view of Gamal Abdul Nasser, whose approval Dr. Shukairy always sought before making public statements.

Shukairy's face

Israelis are only human, and they don't like Shukairy's ideas. But why should they take any heed of him? That is, no doubt, what Dr. Sisco would counsel Israelis: to forget the man. After all, he has been a dead duck for four years now, ever since June 1967, and Nasser, one might add, dead and buried for nearly a year, his friend Yasser Arafat a hounded dog, and Nasser's successor Sadat now groping, however gingerly, for a peace settlement — although without "an intolerable loss of face."

It turns out, however, that President Sadat is a man of many faces, none of which he can afford to lose. There is the face of the Egyptian warrior, who cannot afford to have Israeli troops within sight of the Suez Canal. There is the face of the Arab national hero, who cannot afford to have a single square inch of "Arab territory" occupied by the Zionists.

And then there is the face of Shukairy, who cannot afford to have a foreign Zionist state in the heart of the Arab world, and would fight to destroy and uproot it if it took a hundred years. This is the face of genocide, which Dr. Sisco seems to believe hides Sadat's true intentions. Israel's Prime Minister may be excused for suspecting that it betrays the Egyptian President's real motives.

But the American diplomat not only interprets the Egyptian faces, however ugly, as mere theatrical masks which carry no threat to Israel; he also insists that the Egyptians have no choice but wear them — it's in their nature. Egyptian behaviour is viewed in Washington largely as a "given" — an ineluctable fact of nature — which may only be affected by accommodation. What the Egyptians say they will not do, they really *cannot* do. Not so with the Israelis. Their conduct, in American eyes, occupies the realm of ethical will, which lends itself to change by moral suasion. What the Israelis say they cannot do, they really *will not* do. But often they should: and it is the business of Americans to make them see the light, and thus do it.

Dayan's plan

Israeli leaders have by no means been blind to the facts of Egyptian life, in their assessments of policy and their plotting of strategy. The logic of a Suez agreement — which would enable Sadat to maintain a prolonged cease-fire by re-establishing Egyptian control over both banks of the Canal, and restoring normal civilian life in the now ruined and deserted cities — had been worked out by Defence Minister Moshe Dayan, as a first-stage substitute for overall peace, long before that "non-starter" idea was embraced by the State Department. But Israeli leaders profess their puzzlement at continued American efforts to have them spell out fresh, more "reasonable" terms for a Canal accord, before the Egyptians have even given their consent in principle to an agreement for the reopening of the Canal.

All that Cairo has agreed to so far is that the Egyptian plan for total Israeli withdrawal from the administered territories under a "peace agreement" without peace, *should* start with a deep Israeli pullback in Sinai, accompanied by work on the reopening of the Canal, during a limited cease-fire. This is simply the old package in a new but not terribly attractive wrapping. Dr. Sisco cannot expect Israel to buy it as it is, but he is probably thinking in terms of making it more palatable. Israeli officials doubt that it can be improved, because it represents a holy article of faith with the Egyptians: the principle of the expulsion of Israel from Arab territory — first, the territory taken in the war of 1967; next, the territory held by Israel in the war of 1948.

Virtual surrender

The U.S. Assistant Secretary of State may find Israel receptive to proposals, if he has any, on specific aspects of a Suez accord. Matters such as the depth of Israeli withdrawal, the size and character of Egyptian crews on the eastern bank, even the duration of the cease-fire, are open to discussion, some Israeli officials believe. But the question of the linkage between a partial and an overall agreement is too doctrinal to allow anything in the nature of a compromise.

There are cynics in town, however, who suspect that even this difficulty can be overcome — with suitably vague phrasing, and an adequate American compensation, in arms and money to Israel, for the enormous disadvantages resulting from even the best Suez deal, which would involve abandoning the Bar-Lev line. These observers *start from* the premise that the Americans are in a rush, as always, if not more so: recent Soviet reversals in Rabat and Khartoum have demonstrated anew that the Arabs need not all be conceded to the Kremlin; Washington is in any case still determined not to be left alone in the Middle East just with Israel, nor to lose the area, as Dr. Sisco has warned on many occasions, on Israel's account; the danger of relapse into war, though less now, despite Sadat's fiery threats, is nevertheless real, with the dire prospect of the nuclear powers stumbling into mutual confrontation after the local combatants; the only peaceful alternative to at least a semblance of progress on a Suez *accord*, through American mediation, would be attempts at intervention by the Security Council, or the Four, or perhaps even the Two, all of which are almost as much anathema to the U.S. as to Israel. And then there are next year's Presidential elections coming up, and with them, for public scrutiny, the President's record in the Middle East — so that a few more Phantom aircraft, and a few more loans, would not be too much of a payoff for Israeli concessions that might make a Suez accord possible.

The cynics may in the end prove to have been too optimistic. But even if they are proved right, it is a question whether a partial solution, even if successfully implemented, would, in fact, as widely predicted, become a testing ground for overall peace, or merely another stage in the continuing warfare between Israel and the Arabs. If it is the latter, Dr. Sisco's therapy would, among other things, result in severe aggravation of Israel's "Massada complex."

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WAR IN THE AIR

Airlines face new charter challenges

El Al's first Jumbo disgorging the world's highest occupancy; the plane is nearly full on every flight.

By George Leonof

A DECADE ago the price of a scheduled round-trip airline ticket across the Atlantic was $880. Last summer the same economy class ticket from New York to Europe and back was available for $535 — with "incentive" fares during the winter months dropping as low as $360.

The world's scheduled airlines thus took up and met the challenge of charter flight operators, despite their disadvantage in having to maintain regular runs whatever the pay load of a scheduled flight.

Charter operators, of course, are not compelled to fly unless they are booked almost solid. But the "schedule" operators have only temporarily warded off the inroads made by the charterers, and this not completely. The current session of the International Air Transport Association (IATA), meeting in Montreal, is expected to endorse still lower regular fares — if not for normal bookings, then at least for students and other young travellers.

* * *

CHARTERED flight competition has come a long way since the end of World War II unloosed a veritable army of young pilots seeking employment in civil aviation. The problem was obviously the most critical in the country which demobbed more pilots than all the other Western allies together: the United States. Despite the sudden increase in foreign travel that attended the end of the war, and particularly the flow of Americans to the then recent battlefields—civil aviation could not take up the manpower slack. As a result, any enterprising young airman who could find the capital for the purchase and operation of even a single passenger aircraft, of any size, was in business on his own.

Chartering proved a generally profitable field, and the trend spread to Europe. It became firmly entrenched in Scandinavia, today the stronghold of charter flights, and so well established that SAS, the Nordic joint airline, has become dwarfed by the irregulars. Unable to lick them, it has joined them through a subsidiary.

As air travel grew by leaps and bounds, not only the scheduled airlines greatly expanded their networks, but charter flights, too, grew too big for the lone-wolf operators, and passed into the hands of organized companies. Taking off with well-packed flights, enthusiastically served by travel agents who relieve them of the need to advertise, the charter operators have made serious inroads into the trade, compelling scheduled airlines to resort *to group flights* and "incentive" gimmicks for "off months." To qualify for the lower fare of a group flight, a passenger once had to be identified with a business, cultural, or some other group booking the flight. Today you pay your (discounted) fare, and the travel agent provides the group. Minimal group numerical requirements used to be around 30 passengers; today 15 qualify.

Nevertheless, charter operations continue to expand. They are at present particularly active in the Far East. British European Airlines are now doing charters to that part of the world, and the British Overseas Airways Corporation is reported considering forming a subsidiary or affiliated company to handle this side of the trade.

All this comes at a time when, because of over-extension on the one hand and, on the other, the non-appearance of the computor-predicted rise in air travel, most airline profits have nose-dived dangerously to tree-top level, and some even lower — chiefly on the American domestic market. As in many other aspects of world trade, a major upheaval in the American airlines had immediate repercussions in all other lands. The Americans are still the world's greatest globe-trotters.

* * *

EL Al was not immune from the general trend, and profits in 1970 plummeted to $1.5m. from a previous $8.5m. This, despite the fact that the Israeli airline that year had the highest seat occupancy of any company flying across the Atlantic — a load factor of 68 per cent when the average stood at 49 per cent. The only airline to approach El Al's *performance* was Eire's Air Lingus, with just over 66 per cent.

But El Al, too, had to deal with rising costs of maintenance and operation, and *not lag behind* major transatlantic airlines in acquiring modern aircraft. Some idea of the growing costs of the flying ships may be obtained when it is recalled that in 1957 the cost of a Britannia was $14.5m., and in 1970 a Boeing 707, the then reigning queen of the skies, cost $17.5m. Today a Boeing 747 costs $25m. El Al's two Jumbo jets (the second is due for delivery in November) mean a total capital investment of some $100m.; besides the $50m. expended on the aircraft, a giant hangar is nearing completion at *Lod*, quite a bit of ancillary equipment had to be acquired, and 2,000 of the company's 4,000 employees to receive additional training.

* * *

ARNOLD Sherman, head of El Al's press relations, notes that all this came at a time of rising costs in salaries, fuel, landing fees, etc., and "the only way to stay in the air was with a high load factor."

At present, the Israeli airline is doing better than its 68 per cent performance last year. Since the first Jumbo went into service on June 8, the load factor has been an enviable 94 per cent, and El Al flights are booked solid through the high holy days. Nor is this at the expense of the 707s, which evenly contribute to the imposing percentage.

Despite all this prosperity, El Al will have to go along with the rest of them if IATA takes a stand on reduced fares, at least in a number of categories.

IATA cannot set fares, and can only suggest a tariff to its 108 members. The suggestion may be adopted only by unanimous decision, but even total unanimity does not ensure implementation. Each airline must still obtain endorsement from its government—a loophole which is open to various *manipulations*. To give one example, an airline which finds the majority decision unprofitable may not want to break unanimity in an open vote, but it could place its problems before the home government. The government could, to protect the interests of the national airline, withhold endorsement.

* * *

ONE category of air travellers almost certain to profit from current IATA deliberations are students and other youthful travellers. The issue has almost been pre-judged by one major European airline, which has been filling its half-empty transatlantic planes with low-fare student and group youth fares. It might more correctly have awaited IATA's endorsement of the scheme — a foregone conclusion considering *the state of the world's airlines* — but the airline's "great leap forward" has given it a head start, and, in addition to added income, the considerable advantage of exclusive publicity among the youth — at vacation time, into the bargain — as the airline offering the most attractive rates.

Hitherto, students have enjoyed low rates on most routes except across the Atlantic. The IATA deal would bring a huge new student and youth group — the American — into the discount bracket, with a round trip to Europe for $220 plus another $150 for an extension to the Middle East. El Al is determined to stay competitive, but it is already solidly booked.

* * *

BY agreement, Israel permits charter flights only for students, pilgrims and Scandinavian tourists—the latter at the insistence of the Ministry of Tourism. It also has most of the pilgrim trade, including the non-Jewish. Should the American student *market burst upon the scene, the* Israel airline may find its under-capacity becoming critical. El Al may have no choice but to extend its charter activities, to which it has been opposed in the conviction that an airline which encourages charter flights is cutting its own throat.

The capacity problem will have improved towards the end of the year, with the delivery of the second Jumbo. But by that time the student tide will have ebbed. By then, too, it could again become a problem of over-capacity. One of the things IATA is currently concerned with is an incentive programme of low-fare travel in the off months, applicable to all types of passengers.

New giant hangar to service the Jumbo at Lod Airport is nearing completion.

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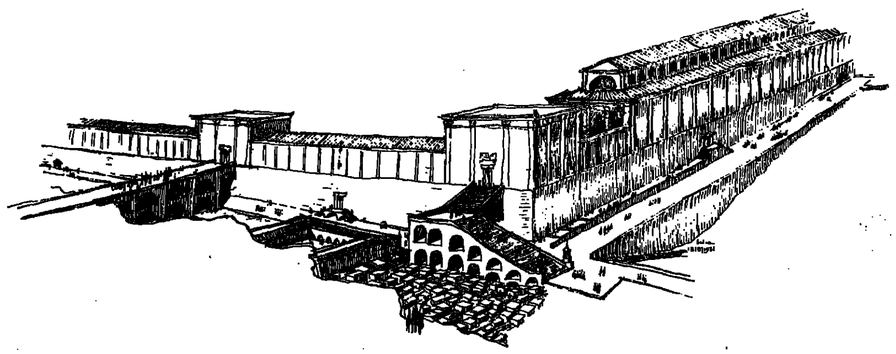
Archaeological teams digging in Jerusalem's Old City since the Six Day War have discovered the first physical evidence of the events of 1901 years ago tomorrow, when the Romans under Titus overcame the defenders on the Temple Mount and destroyed the Temple by fire. Even more dramatic are the indications that have been found of the destruction a month later of the Upper City, where today's Jewish and Armenian quarters stand. ABRAHAM RABINOVICH reports.



Architect Brian Lalor's reconstruction of the south-west corner of the Herodian Temple Mount, showing the steps (at right) which led to the southern plebeian city. Today's Western Wall is next to the left ramp used by the aristocrats who lived in the Upper City opposite.

ARCHAEOLOGY OF THE DESTRUCTION

A HAND sifting through a small pile of gray ashes is enough to evoke hoarse battle cries, the metallic clash of weapons and the crackle of flames. The hand is that of Professor Nahman Avigad, the archaeologist who for the past three years has been probing deep into the rubble of the Jewish Quarter in search of the Upper City, the fall of which was so vividly described by Josephus. The remains he showed a visitor last week lie on the earthen floor of a freshly uncovered house. They had been lying there ever since the Romans broke through the defences of the Upper City and fired the last stronghold of the Jewish defenders. About two metres from the ashes, the diggers have come upon a hole in the floor. Dropping into it, one finds oneself in a tunnel, partially cut through bedrock. It is high enough to walk through upright. The archaeologists have only just begun to explore it, but Prof. Avigad thinks it could well be part of the sewer network mentioned by Josephus, where thousands of Jews sought shelter when the Romans overran the streets above.

The most vivid evidence yet found of the last hours of Herodian Jerusalem was uncovered in the Jewish Quarter last year by Prof. Avigad. The "Burnt House" as it has come to be called, is a series of rooms that formed part of the lower story of a structure which was consumed by fire. Archaeologists in Jerusalem usually have to content themselves with a few spare hints from the past — some stones, some shards of pottery, perhaps coins which, put together with a scholar's knowledge and a detective's methods, tell a story. The city has been destroyed and rebuilt so often — stones of destroyed buildings taken from the rubble to be used in the new building — that little of the remote past remains joined together. But at the Burnt House the archaeologists had digger's luck. A good part of the remains had not been disturbed at all by subsequent building and, for Prof. Avigad, it was like coming upon the scene when the ashes had just gone cold.

In the corner of one room stood an iron spear, ready for use. All the occupants but one had apparently made their escape before the building was burned. In the kitchen, with its ovens and grinding mill and work table, the archaeologists found the arm of a young woman. The rooms showed signs of an intense conflagration. Stones are cracked and discoloured. Plaster on the wall is blackened and the floor covered with ashes. "It is an emotional, almost shocking experience actually to see the evidence of the destruction which we know of from literary sources," said Prof. Avigad shortly after the find.

Several rooms were apparently used for some sort of pharmaceutical purpose. They contained stone weights, measuring cups, mortars and pestles, ovens and perfume and oil juglets.

Josephus had been lavish in his praise of the city's magnificence and Prof. Avigad has found evidence that proves he was not exaggerating. "We've found an exceedingly beautiful capital and column from this period as well as frescoes. They indicate a surprisingly high standard of skill and architecture."

* * *

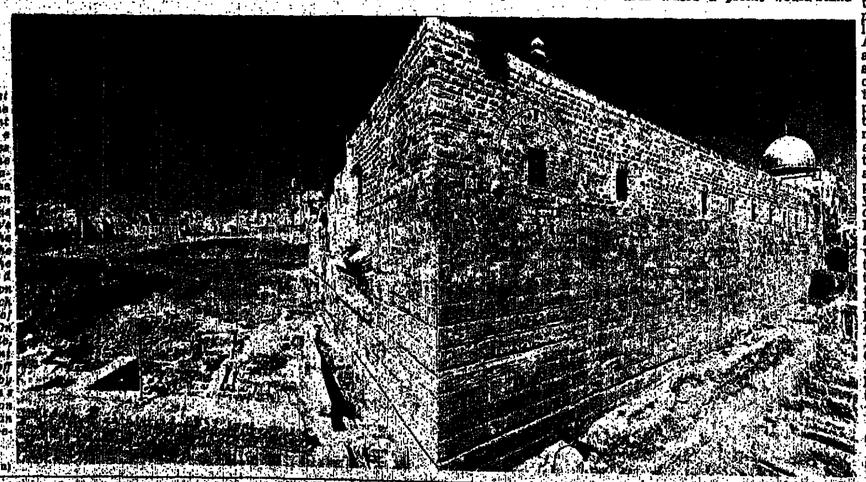
THE most striking evidence of this standard has been uncovered by Prof. Benjamin Mazar's dig at the southern and southwestern fringes of the Temple Mount. Each day's probing further reveals the monumental character of this engineering wonder. "Josephus described the Temple as the greatest building of the ancient world," points out Brian Lalor, the Irish architect serving on Prof. Mazar's team. "This was the time of the Acropolis and the Roman Forum. It was no idle boast."

Unlike the Upper City, no signs of fire have yet been found. Instead of ashes, the archaeologists have found massive stones which had been sent crashing down from the top of the Temple Mount onto a paved Herodian street below. The most interesting of these, which stood at the top of the southwest corner of the Temple Mount, contains a recessed area where a priest would stand to announce the beginning of the Sabbath with a shofar blast. From this location he could be heard in the Upper City to the west where lived the aristocracy and priests; and in the lower city to the south where the masses lived. The archaeologists are still not certain whether the inscription on the stone "To the place of the trumpet" was meant to be seen by the public or whether it was a sort of mason's mark made to identify this specially shaped stone for the men who were to put it in place later, during the actual construction. Meir Ben-Dov, Prof. Mazar's principal assistant, notes that the construction of the Temple and Temple Mount took 10,000 men three years, but that preparations for it, including the assembly of the building materials, took eight years.

A question for which the archaeologists believe they have now discovered the answer was raised by the Jewish tradition that the original western wall of the Temple Mount — as well as the Hulda Gates on the south — had survived the destruction of the city by Titus. In Herod's time the upper part of the Temple Mount looked, from the outside, much like the Tomb of the Patriarchs in Hebron: an expanse of stone broken at regular intervals by vertical pilasters. All that remains today, however, are the massive stones of the support platform below the decorative part. The pilasters at the top have disappeared. In their place are stone courses from later centuries. Mazar's team has now discovered at several places at the foot of the wall large sections of stone structures that are almost certainly the missing pilasters. They lie on top of layers from the fourth and fifth centuries C.E. According to Ben Dov, this suggests that the original wall on top did indeed survive the Roman destruction — thus accounting for the Jewish tradition, which may date from the Second Century C.E. — only to be destroyed several centuries later. This may have occurred following the rule of Julian the Apostate, whose renunciation of Christianity and his offer to the Jews to rebuild the Temple may have so angered the Christians that, after his death, they destroyed the upper wall.

A more recent tradition, about a century old, speaks of two bridges spanning roughly the area of today's Western Wall

(Continued on next page)



The south-west corner of the Temple Mount showing the Herodian stones exposed by the current excavations. To the left can be seen the remains of Robinson's Arch (on the west side); the base of the right-angled staircase shown in the sketch at the top of the page. On the south side, at right, a giant stone pushed off the wall by the Romans was found on the Herodian pavement below.
(Photo by Werner Braun)

THE DESTRUCTION

(Continued from previous page)

plaza — from the Temple Mount to the Upper City. The tradition is based on the discovery of two arches — Wilson's to the north of the Wailing Wall; and Robinson's to the south, each named after the man who discovered them. Josephus had written of only one bridge on the western side of the Temple Mount along with two gates and a "great flight of steps" descending to the valley. But the evidence of the two arches seemed to indicate that Josephus had erred. Robinson's Arch is actually only a broken piece of one, but earlier, archaeologists had found a pier about 30 metres to the west of it, exactly where the other end of the arch would have rested. It was calculated that another six such arches had carried the southern bridge across the valley.

As Prof. Mazar's team probed westwards across the valley they found no piers and nothing else to indicate that a bridge had existed. A theory then developed that there had indeed been only one arch on the southern end but that pedestrians had been able to continue the rest of the way across the valley across the roof of some massive building.

This theory, about which the archaeologists were not too happy themselves, gave way earlier this year. A single barrel vault had been uncovered just to the south of Robinson's arch. Architect Lalor thought this might be the underpinnings of some massive staircase leading up from the valley to the gate which had existed above Robinson's Arch. In Italy he had seen other ancient examples of massive staircases the tops of which were supported by a giant arch spanning a street. From the curve of the vault, he calculated where other vaults should be found if there had indeed been a staircase. The one to the south should have been at a lower level, the one to the north at a higher level. The vaults were found exactly where he had predicted.

The evidence is now fairly certain that a staircase 15.5 metres wide (the width of Robinson's Arch) led out from the gate above Robinson's Arch. The top of the staircase ran in a west-east direction but halfway down it turned to the south in an L-shape to descend into the valley.

A spring of an arch on the southeastern wall of the Temple Mount, the side facing the Kidron Valley, suggests that a similar staircase might have existed on that side. Viewed from the City of David to the south the staircases would have provided symmetrical "wings" to the southern wall of the Temple Mount. It is this view from the south, Lalor believes, which was the principal concern of the architect. This view is supported by the discovery reported earlier this month of a broad monumental staircase — perhaps 100 metres wide — leading up to the Hulda Gates in the southern wall.

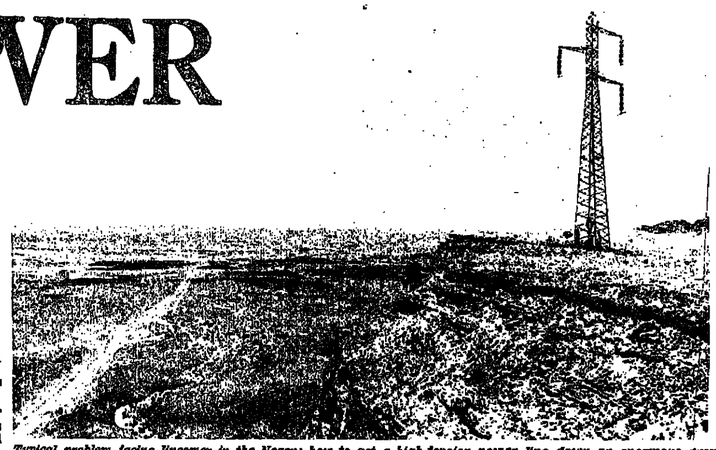
Single mind

As an architect who for the past year has been attempting to decipher the original appearance of the Temple Mount and its approaches, Lalor feels that the structure was planned by a single mind, rather than a committee; nor did it "just grow."

"I feel one man behind it. We don't know his name but he was obviously one of the great architects of his time. The person behind this had a feel for the topography which could hardly be bettered. He worked on a spectacular scale and with a great deal of imagination. Once you get into the mind of this person, you can see the logic of it all."

POWER comes to the Negev

by Ya'acov Ardon



Typical problem facing linesmen in the Negev: how to get a high-tension power line down an enormous drop.

THE Negev which accounts for half the territory of Israel (as at June 4, 1967) is being changed from a Middle Eastern desert into a 20th-century province by electrification. On the Dead Sea shore modern hotels with air-conditioning and lifts have been built and are booked for months ahead. In farm settlements electric pumps force water into irrigation systems that sprinkle winter vegetables and fruit for export. Electric power drives giant pumps that push in one year 25 million tons of oil through the 42-inch pipeline from Eilat to Ashkelon and will in a few years raise the throughput to 45m. tons. In towns and settlements, still sparse but tearing growing holes into the desert, industries and workshops arise that would not have been possible without the spread of the national power grid. In the past five years the Electric Corporation has built 700 km. of high tension lines, 500 km. of them at 160 kilovolt (equal to 160,000 volt), the rest at 33 kilovolt. "These transmission lines do for the Negev what the railways did for the American West, or what roads do for undeveloped territory," as an Electric Corporation engineer evaluates it.

The advance of the national grid is not only preparing the Negev for economic development, but is changing the lives, occupations and habits of people. Many of the men who planted the pylons for the transmission lines into the sand and rock of the desert and strung the aluminium-steel alloy cables between them came to Israel during the past ten years from countries where they had grown up in houses without electricity. "They were sent to us by the labour exchange in Beersheba, the majority newcomers and many from backward countries," the I.E.C.'s regional inspector, engineer, Benno Blankman, resident in Beersheba, explains. "Electricity was new to them. We trained them from scratch. Today they have become highly skilled linesmen, and we marvel at their adaptability." Blankman recalls how the electricity invasion into the Negev began in 1952 when the I.E.C.'s Beersheba base began with four men ("one of them a collector"), and the first lines were laid to Ofakim and Dimona (both founded in 1955).

As time passed, electrification gained momentum and is now running at a peak. In April and May this year a 166-km.-long high-tension line was laid at a cost of nearly IL10m. through the desert south of Beersheba. "The latest link of the grid was a 45-kilometre stretch to Elin Yahav. For speed and quality of work our teams of line builders can compare with the workmen of any other country," says southern district engineer Richard Zeeman. "They completed the essentials of the 45-kilometre line in six weeks, and that under difficult topographical conditions. They needed fewer hours than international standards allow, and thus the line cost less." Together with a transformer station costing IL80,000, the line cost IL2m. to put up. The difficulties of the terrain were compounded by those of security: the army kept a steady watch over the linesmen, and mines were only one of the hazards.

* * *

FOR size, cost and toughness, work on the 166-km.-long line through the desert has been something of a record for the Electric Corporation staff. Network deputy manager Shmuel Spivak of the southern region described how first the engineers, then the linesmen fared whenever they had to work at places far removed from any roads. The engineers trace the shortest possible route of the line through the desert, regardless of valley or mountain, proceeding as far as possible on jeeps, but walking and climbing whenever necessary. To bring up a crane that can hoist the pylons into place, a bulldozer paves a minimum passage where a truck can move up its load. "But there are places where we cannot use a crane. Our pylons, steel or concrete, as the case may be, weigh between three and eight tons. They are put 2.6 metres into the ground. When we cannot bring up a crane, we must build up the steel pylon on the spot." The steel frame parts are brought to the site and put together, rib after rib, like a Meccano set, the men climbing up as the towers rise higher. Some of the pylons stand on dizzy heights overlooking a lunar landscape hundreds of metres below. The distance from one pylon to the next may be over 700 metres and the load of cables is enormous.

"The men worked up to 12 hours a day. They earned incentive rates for their risky work and often ate their sandwiches up in the air to save the time of climbing down and up again for a break," the supervising engineers said on a note of respect. When the work sites were too remote, the men camped through the week at a base and travelled up to an hour and a half in the morning, over rocky ground on which a bulldozer has left a rough hint of a road, and as long again at night. During the frenzied construction period they went home only for week-ends. There is hardly any absenteeism among the men who are building lines." (The contrast with the office staff which has claimed an allowance for "refraining from absenteeism" is marked.)

The engineers acknowledge that earning good wages is not the decisive motive for their effort. "There is an element of genuine pride and dedication in it. Our teams working out of Beersheba also do the repair work in the Gaza Strip whenever saboteurs have caused some damage. It has happened time and again that they have carried out in two to three days the work that we have expected to take a week. Workers have told us that they didn't want any risk allowance for that kind of work." But the management of the I.E.C. refused to divulge what the men's earnings were.

UNLIKE the socialist Egyptians, who, during their entire occupation period between 1952 to 1967, treated the Gaza population as second-rate citizens and restricted electricity supply to the well-to-do, Israel has started off by supplying electric power to the poorest in the refugee camps at El Bureiz, El Mu'azzi, Nuzeirat and Dir El Balah. In Gaza, electric power is now supplied to the municipality in bulk, so to speak, but not direct to consumers as elsewhere. The municipality sells it to whoever it chooses at its own (much higher) rates. But in the camps the electricity is supplied direct to the consumer by the I.E.C. No wonder that the cheap electricity for the underprivileged has provoked the wrath of the terrorists.

* * *

ELECTRICITY consumption is one of the key indicators of economic growth. In the past ten years the population of Israel has grown by 36 per cent (from 2.15 m. to 3 m.), that of the Negev by 86 per cent (from 97,000 to 180,000). In the same time, *per capita* consumption of electricity has gone up by 129 per cent for the whole country, by 230 per cent in the Negev. Today the Israeli in the Negev uses 3,000 kWh. a year, the rest of us only 2,000. The peak demand has in ten years gone up 2.7 times for the whole country, but nearly eight times in the Negev. Its cool highlands, some higher than Jerusalem and Galilee, the vast reserves of cheap land, roads and electricity will in time attract more industry and people.

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LOVE STORY

— CONCLUDING CHAPTER OF A WAR NOVEL

by Ephraim Kishon

THE warrior spent the night in a tree. During the day he and another terrorist had crawled past the King's halftracks, till at last they had reached the border of their dreams. They lit a bonfire and were just roasting a rabbit over a low flame when the myrmidons showed on the hill.

"Arabs!" his friend whispered at him, "Come on Factor, got to hide!..."

They had called him "Factor" in the Movement ever since the sensational interview he had granted a "Time" reporter about a year ago, as a result of which his picture had appeared on the cover with the legend: "The Indispensible Factor in any Peace Settlement." Now The Factor put out the fire and they both shinned up a tree with the rabbit. High and dry at the top, they sent a yearning glance at the green line on the horizon, beyond which a warm Press and a secure job awaited them. Factor had decided to become a milkman, whereas his friend was rather inclined to opt for a job as watchman, or to get a kiosk. They swore softly at that imbecile with his sunglasses who had almost shattered their dreams with his crackpot notions...

"Listen, Factor," the other terrorist confessed in a whisper, "maybe Zionism was an historical error once, but today it sure comes in handy..."

But The Factor had fallen asleep, and in his dream was playing sheshbesh with Moshe again, and strolling through the Valley arm in arm. In the morning he received a medium injury. He had suddenly remembered the Israeli publicists of the Progressive Camp and Prophetic Vision, and in a fit of laughter had fallen out of the tree and twisted his left ankle. His friend bandaged it, said, "Sorry, mate," and disappeared west. Factor limped on towards freedom by himself. Several times that day he was passed by enemy units who opened mortar fire upon him, but he managed to make for cover between the rocks.

At dusk he crossed the Yarmuk with a heart full of apprehension. A single nightmare had been haunting him all along: he will reach the Promised Land at last, and there will be no trace of Israeli soldiers, leaving him there lost and forlorn, a lone orphan in a reporterless field. Factor stripped off his undervest and waved it at the planes passing indifferently overhead, then threw himself down and beat his fists against the cruel earth:

"Border Police," he wailed, "Where are you, Border Polee-hee-eece!..."

So homesick he was as you wouldn't believe. A tiny white cloud appeared down below, travelling along the highway. The Factor slipped down the hillside whooping. But the command-car was receding fast and the terrorist gave chase:

"Wait!" he yelled and fired his Kalachnikov in the air. "Comrades, wait for me! I'm a terrorist! El Fatah! Mabat! You can't leave me like this..."

The command-car stopped, a company sergeant-major got out and waited for The Factor to come up to him. The terrorist's heart flowed over, and with a muffled sob he fell upon the C.S.M.'s neck, then blew his nose in the handkerchief given him. Later, in the moving car, he calmed down and leaned back in his seat and just smiled to himself. He felt a fierce love for these people, had always felt himself one of them. After all these years as a wandering Factor, now for the first time he felt peaceful and secure, among his brethren at last...

"By Allah," he said, snuggling up against the C.S.M., "east is east and west is west, but there's no place like home..."

The sergeant blushed, offered him a piece of chewing-gum and stroked his hair. And the car sped through the drawning day to take him to the rest of his factory.

Translated by Miriam Arad
By arrangement with "Ma'ariv"

Photo by Rubinger

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The MOSHAVNIK

from HOPTAPONG

Reporter SHALOM COHEN describes a visit to a Thai village aided by Israeli farmer Yoram Vered (at centre above) with Mr. Pua (left) and Mr. Anant.

HOPTAPONG was far from home for the Israeli moshavnik working in the bush in Thailand. Maybe it was because Yoram Vered was a one-man team, a lone Israeli, working and living in the village at Hoptapong 202 kilometres from Bangkok, in the Cha-Am Petchaburi district. It certainly looked different from his own moshav village of Orot.

"The Thai-Israel Project" was the legend on a sign as we turned from the highway onto the approach road into the bush. No question, Yoram was very happy at a visit from another Israeli. We sat talking for hours at sundown on the open veranda of his wooden bungalow, built on stilts, looking out over his exotic plants at the village of bamboo. The darkening sky gave the illusion that the torrid heat was letting up.

Yoram, 37, born in veteran moshav Kfar Yehezkiel, looks the typical moshavnik — even when he sports a Thai straw peasant hat.

He will be the last of a series of Israel experts to work at the Project — though at the time of our visit the final decision had not yet been taken. He was obviously absorbed in the Project and talked of soil problems, farmer's income, water, and cultivation, but more than anything else, of the human element. Transplanted into a different world, the moshavnik spoke frequently about human relations and understanding. It was a weekday opportunity for him to chat freely in Hebrew, a break from battling with English with local co-workers at the Project. At week-ends, he joins his wife and children in their Bangkok flat.

Mr. Pua Saligupta, senior Thai Government official, is the Director of the Project. He is a Special Class Officer in the Ministry of National Development, a high rank, and he too lives at the Project site. His speech is laconic, and he is not averse to a bit of urbane leg-pulling. He received me, together with Yoram, in his office, part of a compound of neatly laid-out wooden bungalows on stilts at one edge of the village. The compound is quite large. Military style paths and a tall flagpole lead to the biggest bungalow which contains Mr. Pua's office, and several others occupied by clerks. Nearby are smaller bungalows, living quarters for staff; for Mr. Pua, Yoram, and others for five young Thai agronomists. The latter loom large in Yoram's thinking. He watches over them like students, coaching and coaxing them to be ready to take over.

Mr. Pua, a slim angular figure, looks quizzically through his spectacles and, leaning back in his chair, tells me: "The idea was to create a cooperative village from scratch on barren land, the first in Thailand. It was started almost five years ago, planned by a team of Israelis under the Israel Foreign Ministry's International Cooperation Department in conjunction with the Ministry of Agriculture. The farmers moved into the village three years ago.

"There are now 182 farmers and their families in the village. The average farmer 'outside' earns 300 bath a month (six bath almost make an Israeli pound). 'Ours' now make 781," he says.

What the farmer wanted was more money, and more land. To date, each farmer in the village project had seven rai of land plus two rai irrigated. (One rai equals 1.6 dunam.) If more water was available the farmer could raise his income to 2,000 bath a month. But the water comes from a canal two kilometres away, and as it is the farmers find it hard to pay for the fuel for their pumps. It was planned to increase the farmer's holding to 25 rai plus three irrigated.

The Project was set up on "unusual land, dry and high, sandy soil, unsuitable for rice," we are told. Yoram was trying new crops, raising vegetables, new varieties of tomatoes, eggplant, trying asparagus. Mr. Pua says the farmers of the village come from different parts, and were not yet a cohesive community. Not a single farmer has left the village. In fact, more farmers wanted to join, but land was short.

The farmers have their own committee, for marketing and for "everything in the village." Marketing cooperatively, instead of individually to merchants, enables them to obtain credits for seed, fertilizers, etc. The Project is responsible for education — the village elementary school now has 121 pupils, older ones truck to school 10 kms. away.

As he answers my question, Mr. Pua says that if the Project succeeded here, on such difficult land, it could succeed anywhere. The Project had so far cost 12m. bath (about IL2m.) because of the lack of water and because it was an experiment. It seemed to me cheap by Israel standards. Yoram interjects that the same project could now be achieved with a far smaller budget, should it be decided to go ahead with others. He is obviously ready to try. Mr. Pua adds that his Ministry is keen on continuing. Knowing that the five-year Israel contract was due to end next month the Thai official, with great deliberation, says, "I told my chief I want Vered to continue." He listed the Israel experts he had previously worked with at the Project, and in passing, made it plain that there had been "difficulties" with the three-man team which preceded Yoram and which followed the larger Israel planning mission. "Not good relations inside the team," as he put it. Mr. Pua, wagging a finger, instructed me: "You may write this down — Vered is the best." He also spoke highly of the veteran Israel technical-aid expert, Mr. Ra'anan Bin-Nun (of Nepal fame), "a very nice man — he comes to see us here" — who is in charge (in Bangkok) of Israel experts working in Thailand.

Bouncing along a track in a Land Rover, Yoram and I drive through the village, getting out here and there. We exchange greetings in sign language with womenfolk and their numerous tots emerging from dim bamboo huts. We do not ask to go into the native houses; Yoram clearly respects their privacy. Pointing out one of these bamboo houses and its farm-holding, he says, "You can't recognize that man now, he has begun living; weeds have vanished, his house is clean and *mesudar* — orderly." Moving on, Yoram bombards me with data on marrows and maize, shows me a crop of tomatoes growing "Israeli style."

We go to a store, a wooden shed — a sort of *tzorchaniya* — where he shows me some farm hand tools he had devised, simple and cheap to make. He could have been showing off the latest in automated machinery. "A piece of pipe, welded here to this... and it sells for only..." The official handouts in Jerusalem call it technical aid "at practical ground level," not the high-falutin' stuff divorced from farmers' reality.

Yoram's quarters are spartan but roomy, sparsely furnished with odd pieces he has picked up here and there. A domestic help fed us from a kitchen between the stilts. The bungalow's only other occupant is "Lucky," a cute monkey who hangs onto Yoram for dear life whenever he appears. Upstairs, the outside walls are mainly windowless wire screening. I slept overnight in a small room adjoining Yoram's bedroom den. It was stifling hot and humid, but Yoram said it didn't bother him.

* * *

NEXT day, in Mr. Pua's office, taking coffee, we were struck by the contrast between the two men who worked together, Yoram, rough and ready, dressed as on his own farm; and the Thai senior civil servant in grey suit and tie, respecter of traditional formalities. Speaking of the Project they imperceptibly took over from each other. Mr. Pua laughed when I asked him whether Thai people were easy to get on with. "It depends with whom," he said. Yoram added, "If we understand each other, it works, in Israel or anywhere." Mr. Pua looked on impassively. He spoke of other co-operation schemes with other foreigners he had worked with, praised some nationalities and observed that "some from (we discreetly do not identify)... come here and spend much time playing golf." Mr. Pua said Government and Parliament was satisfied with the Project. The King who takes a close interest in the project and gave his own land for it, was about to pay his annual visit. No, there wouldn't be much decorating for the visit, "the King does not like that sort of thing."

The talk turned to the five Thai agronomists, whom Yoram has made his first concern. Following on Mr. Pua, he remarks earnestly, "I think the main point is that the agronomists and myself work together. If there is a real desire it can be done. The Thais are clever people." The university-trained agronomists lacked practical experience in the field. Any man can get this if he wants to, he adds.

* * *

TALKING of the Thais, Yoram says, "they are polite people — in all Israel you can't find anyone like them." Mr. Pua listens and Yoram confesses that the politeness "sometimes disturbs, as there was no knowing what a man thinks. It's impolite to say no. It took me a few months to find my way." But he worked "beautifully" with three agronomists. The other two had just returned from nine-month courses in Israel, in Rehovot, and he hoped it would be the same with them. The Thai agronomists were of immediate importance if the five-year contract for the joint project ended as planned. I asked Mr. Pua whether the effort and investment in creating this single cooperative village could only have wider significance if it served as a sample project for others. He agreed.

* * *

WHAT do the villagers out there think? The Thai farmer was no fool, and goes by results, I was told. Yoram, who can only speak to the farmers through an interpreter, says the Thai farmer has few demands; if you can raise his income above his minimum he is very happy. He is used to failure and smiles uncomplainingly. He does not accept innovations easily, and demands extra proofs — in his fields. He is cautious of authority, yet with the right instruction — which Yoram repeatedly stresses means first of all practical demonstration — he is ready to improve. He found that the Thai farmer has natural intelligence to accept proven and properly given instruction.

The meeting between Yoram, the Israeli smallholder farmer, and the East with its deeply-ingrained social codes, brought to the surface a problem of wide-ranging significance, one for which Yoram had apparently been unprepared. He had shocked his Thai co-workers by taking the plough in his own hands and turning over a field at the project in a do-it-yourself demonstration. It was a gaffe he was to continue to make — with some result, we gathered. This prestige problem, of sullying one's own hands, has bedevilled other developing countries. Yoram quickly learned, on the job, that technical aid was more than technical.

* * *

YORAM has set his sights on the five Thai agronomists. Intelligent young men — not, we concluded, beyond having a good time. They were great on agricultural theory, less so on application. But the Thai peasant farmer is no bookworm. Yoram brought his agronomists into the field.

We sat in at an evening meeting with the young agronomists held in Yoram's bungalow. Yoram holds these extra-curricula confabs about three times a week, he told me. This time his theme was a tour of rubber plantations to which he had been invited. He used what he had seen in his tour to hammer home the message that an agronomist needed to have a practical and wide knowledge beyond his own specialized field. His talk, in simple English, was pretty elementary. From the impassive faces of the Thais there was no knowing how it was received. Occasionally, one of the agronomists would differ over a point made by the speaker, arguing that the rubber tree expert referred to was right in sticking to his own particular field.

When the talk was over, the senior of the five, Anant Kantatip, who lives with wife and children at the Project, showed slides from his visit to Israel. Israel settlements, landscape and sites glowed in the small hot room. Yoram pointed out types of housing, and gave details of crops faintly visible, soliciting confirmation from the photographer-projectionist. Pictures of Anant posing with Israeli girls in a settlement evoked merriment from the other young agronomists. The show over, the young Thais went home to their neighbouring bungalows.

* * *

TAKING the night air, Yoram explained to me the importance of these meetings. The faint light of kerosene lamps shine from within silent bamboo houses in the village.

His talks with the agronomists do not end there. He prepares them to lecture to youngsters of the village, aged from around 17 to 21. At first, four of the village youths turned up, but this soon grew to 18. Yoram sits in at these meetings, and somehow follows the proceedings. He also has many foreign experts calling on him to see the Project (and has budgetary trouble in providing the necessary entertainment as host).

Later, in Bangkok, at the Israel Embassy, the charge d'affaires, Mr. Haggai Eylon, praised Vered's work and confirmed the Thais were very happy with him. Mr. Allon took a close interest in Thailand's development and fortunes.

* * *

RETURNING to Jerusalem, we were updated by the Foreign Ministry's International Co-operation Department. The five-year contract ends next month, as planned. The Project will be continued by the Thais themselves, with Ra'anan Bin-Nun and Yoram Vered paying periodical visits. The Department says the Project was highly successful.

Yoram, on contract with the Department for two years, will move to a new Thai project: a much bigger one, a regional project aimed at having an impact on the Thai economy. The Thai Government has presented proposals to Israel. Mr. Bin-Nun is currently touring the country to choose the site. An Israeli planning team will be set up. When the new project begins, Yoram will no longer be on his own but will be joined by a second Israeli expert. But he will presumably drop in now and then to see how things are at his Alma Mater, the village at Hoptapong.

Taste and tithe

TORA AND FLORA

IT was on a path from the valley of Kiryat Yearim up the mountain which leads to Ramat Raziel (according to my map, Givat Maish) that I came across a carob tree. Never have I seen one with such an abundant and luxurious crop of the fruit. The tree was positively festooned, the pods hung in profusion in clusters which were almost like bunches of bananas. Alas, the quality by no means matched the quantity. They were the most miserable carob pods I have ever seen, mere skin and bones, the skin represented by thin wrinkled coverings and beans, the "bones," the beans but without any of the succulent glucose-impregnated flesh which characterizes the healthy carob. With difficulty I managed to chew a piece; it was almost tasteless and even distasteful.

I have time and again referred to the carob as the "poor man's food" both of the Talmud and of the New Testament, because it grew freely and uncultivated and was available to all merely for the picking. I have to enter a reservation to that statement (which is much more flattering to my vanity than saying that I was mistaken!). For it is beyond doubt that in Mishnaic times it was cultivated.

The proof is clear. The first Mishnah of Ma'aserot lays down the "general rule" that only what is cultivated is liable to tithes; the third Mishnah establishes that carobs became liable to tithes from the moment that the green pods begin to form the dark spots which develop into the ripe brown fruit. It is in that stage that the carobs in the Hills of Judea can be seen at the present time.

Yet not all carobs were liable to tithes. Another rule is that only what is used as food is liable to tithes excluding "garden plants" and the same passage (sifre to Deut. 14.12) makes a similar exception to "the carobs of Shittah, the carobs of Tsalmonah and the carobs of Gedida."

Where Shittah and Tsalmonah and Gedida are I do not know, except that they are obviously places in the Land of Israel. But if none of them is to be identified with Givat Mayish I hereby add it to these three places where the carobs in Talmudic times were inedible and therefore exempt from tithing!

L. I. RABINOWITZ

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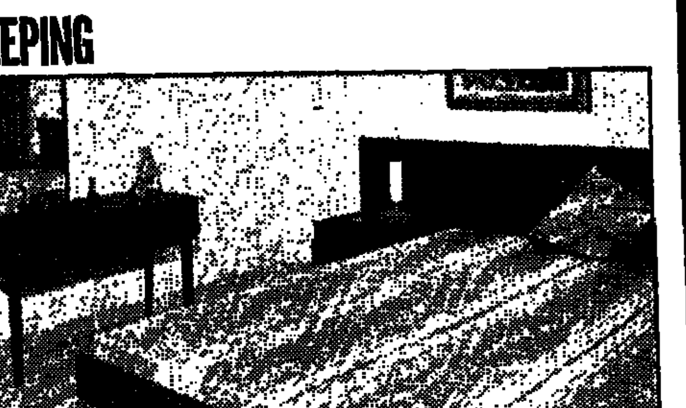

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Ludwig Blum at eighty

'— just painting'

ALL but the first 10 years in the life of Jerusalem's Ludwig Blum, turned 80 on July 25, were accompanied by a fervent dedication to art. Born in Lisen, near Brno, Czechoslovakia, in 1891, he still remembers his first "sale" there at the age of 10.

An American lady married to a Czech, a friend of his mother, one day came upon the boy doodling. Interested by the confidence of line, she asked whether he had any other drawings, and Ludwig fetched a few crumpled sheets on which he had given vent to his imagination. The lady offered to buy them. Ludwig's mother smiled benignly at the "joke," but worked up an energetic protest when the lady insisted she was serious.

The artist still remembers his mother's indignation when her friend pushed 10 schillings into his not unwilling hand, gathered up the drawings and happily left for home: "Crazy American!" she exclaimed, "ten schillings for such scrawling!"

As he approached 13 the boy, one of 10 children, took the precaution of suggesting to his parents that he wanted colours, a drawing pad and an easel instead of the watch that his two elder brothers received as *Bar-Mitzva* gifts. "I got them," Blum recalls, and his face breaks into a wide grin as he adds, "and the watch as well."

Ludwig Blum's professional education began in Vienna under the painter D. Cohen, followed by art school and, finally, the Prague Academy — the *Meisterschule* which accepted only the most gifted pupils, rarely more than a dozen at a time. His formal education consisted of five years in a Brno school, whereupon his eldest sister's husband, a manager in the town's large textile plant, influenced the parents to allow him to teach Ludwig the trade at the plant's business office. He remained there a year, getting up at three or four a.m. in order to put in a couple of hours painting before starting work at seven a.m.

His art studies were interrupted by army service — and the First World War. Stationed in Sarajevo, the young artist, fluent in both German and Czech, was attached to a liaison unit which relayed orders to the Austrian army headquarters in the town from the railway terminal, where they arrived from Vienna. His most vivid memory of that time was that, on arrival at the station one morning with his daily dispatch case, he was met by the station master inquiring if he had heard the shooting. "Grand Duke Ferdinand has been assassinated," he was informed. He was later commissioned as a war artist.

Blum arrived in Israel in 1923 after a painter's classical pilgrimage to Holland, France and Spain. He settled in Jerusalem shortly after his arrival, and has since exhibited frequently in Israel and abroad. The artist has himself become an establishment in the Holy City. His portrayals of the Jerusalem scene, its atmosphere, quaint oriental architecture, and its people were, prior to the Six Day War, perhaps the most vivid depictions of the Old City for the younger generation of Israelis. One of his canvases, "Jerusalem," received special mention at the Royal Academy of London, and a panoramic view of the city from the Mount of Olives, measuring 8 x 2 metres, was commissioned by the Palestine museum at Brno in 1936.

Decorated for his services as a war artist with the Austrian forces in World War I, Blum was 30 years later to apply his brush to scenes and portraits recording life and people during the War of Independence. His son fell in action with the Palmach.

Before that, he managed to travel extensively throughout the Middle East, painting in Persia, Syria, Iraq and Transjordan. One of his portraits of this era was that of Emir Abdullah, later king of Transjordan.

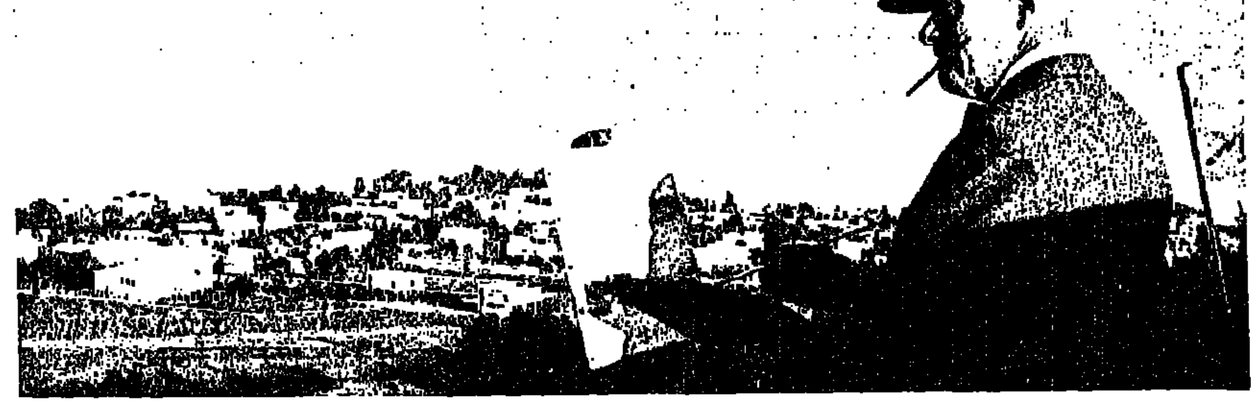
With the establishment of the state, Ludwig Blum was compelled to forsake his beloved alleys of the Old City, the walls of Jerusalem and the mountains of Moab for the narrow lanes and markets of Mea Shearim and other views of western Jerusalem. He toured the country from end to end, recording on canvas with his typical keen perception and flawless sense of atmosphere scenes from Tiberias to Eilat.

(The Jerusalem Rotary Club, of which Blum is a member, last week celebrated his 80th birthday at a ladies' luncheon, at which a Dead Sea canvas donated by the artist was raffled off, the proceeds going to the Rotary Jerusalem Foundation Fund.)

Ludwig Blum permitted himself one sole distraction from his art. This was gymnastics. A first class gymnast, he passed from the famous Czech Sokol organization to Maccabi while still in Prague. "The gymnasts used to say I was a good painter," he quips, "and painters — that I was a good gymnast."

Adding, wryly: "Now I just paint."

G.A.L.



Ludwig Blum painting landscape from height overlooking Tiberias. Below: Last Supper, commissioned by church in U.S.
(Photos by Rubinger, Bernheim)

Blum at work on large Jerusalem panorama commissioned by Brno Palestine Museum.

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT pages 13—21

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SEX, SAND AND ECONOMICS

"SEX on the Sand Dunes" could have been the sub-title for last week's instalment of *Yafim HaLeilot Bi'Cna'an*, the charming Second Channel series which deals in nostalgia (edited by Gil Aldema, with Eliahu HaCohen). The Hebrew title comes from an old song — the old-time Russian immigrants used to sing it, way back when they were still in Russia — and the translation is "Beautiful are the Nights of Canaan." That is, in the absence of the verb "are," the present tense is implicit. But in the absence of the good old days and considering the tense present, one is much inclined to translate it "Beautiful were the Nights of Canaan."

Last week, three sprightly women who were schoolgirls in Tel Aviv 60 or so years ago were asked about teen-age behaviour as they remember it.

"Courtship was a long, long process that developed by degrees," one of them observed, with barely a hint of complaint in her voice. Another, however, said that she was "very conservative" as a girl, and consequently probably "wasted quite a lot of time."

Girlish mischief, in those days, involved taking your little flashlight and going down to the beach, "to see what was going on in the sand." Quite a lot was, as the shore was thick with couples. Well, that was one way to solve the problem of drifting dunes.

Boys who wanted to meet girls wrote them poetic letters; and the songs were long-windedly romantic. If this was so, the interviewer asked, might one detect some sort of gap between the lofty literary sentiments and all that activity on the beach? Answer: yes. A quite pointed little verse, written by the young Uri Kessari, was read to indicate that sex was not invented by the current generation.

"I happen to live on the same street on which Tel Aviv's sex shop is located," said one of this delightful trio. "When long-haired boys ask me where it is — well, I tell them. Then they burst out laughing." The trio also sang some songs of the old days — the voices were quavering but the melodies linger on, and they came out beautifully in current renditions by Ofira Gluska.

After this programme came to an end, my contemporary Canaan night was dominated by the roaring sounds of the television across the courtyard. Why does the newer medium, with its marvellous visual aspect, require that much more emphasis on the audio? Will it be louder still *when we get colour television? And positively deafening when the Feelies arrive?*

★ ★ ★

SINCE I could hear very little radio last week (though without missing a single night of captive television-listening), I asked a friend to keep track of developments. On Sunday evening she ran into a thick cluster of economic features, and her report follows:

Two programmes on the First Channel, following the 6 p.m. news, and another on the Immigrants' Hour, following the 7 p.m. news, made one think that our disturbingly topical economic problems can be solved by recruiting a panel, forming a committee, or initiating a new university course.

"On Numbers and People" included a three-man panel discussing probable future wage policy. The first said there was no road open but recession. The second asserted (as most of us know) that supply and demand of labour determines wages. The third called for "freer competition" in the labour market. Then each qualified his own statements, and those of his colleagues, by *calling for "changes in the institutional structure."*

Yitzhak Tischler fired off a good question at the government's assistant legal adviser: Can a citizen collect damages from the Post Office for tardy mail delivery? One shudders to think what postal rates would be if the answer were yes. *But it is: no.*

A short musical interlude, still on the First Channel, and on to "On Work and Workers" (edited by Avraham Meron). We heard a building contractor report that skilled workers must be imported, while a Histadrut representative was sure that local labour could be recruited and *trained. A housewife complained that household* help is hard to find and expensive, while a household helper assured us that it is impossible to earn a decent living. The questions all seemed variations on the same theme, and attempts to answer them led to the same dead end.

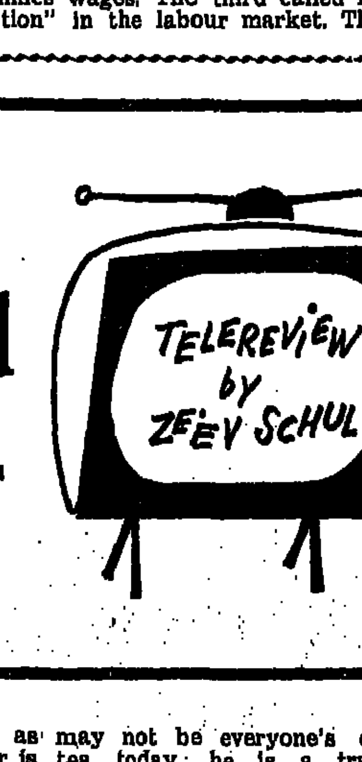
But there was one optimist — Dr. Arye *Globerson, Chairman of the Labour Studies Department* at Tel Aviv University, who heads a committee which has investigated something that must be translated as "the culture of labour relations in Israel." Dr. Globerson thinks good labour relations can be taught, that instruction should start in elementary school, and that those *who work in labour relations should have a* degree in the subject.

Just a few moments later on the Immigrants' Channel, new arrivals had their feature, in easy Hebrew, on "What's New in the Economy." Subject: increases in car insurance rates.

★ ★ ★

NON-inflationary were the Nights of Canaan.

Story behind a non-story



WE missed the Nijmegen march on the screen last week. There was one single "take" of the Israelis that lasted a few seconds and then showed some British and Dutch infantry, marching along a particularly dreary section of the route.

The Israeli Broadcasting Authority does not admit that it actually boycotted the event. But we have it from reliable sources that on at least one occasion a newsroom editor turned down a pool *story* cabled *from* Holland.

The story behind the story that didn't materialize was that the Broadcasting Authority apparently felt itself snubbed by the refusal of the Army to allocate it three seats on the Holland-bound plane: one *for* a "*sound* man" — another for a cameraman and a third for the authority's military correspondent who, incidentally, should have covered the event as pool correspondent not only for his employers but for the entire Israeli *press*, in accordance with the procedure of previous years. This year, the Authority decided, it wouldn't work. And when somebody else was sent out to replace the TV correspondent (Ron Ben Yishai), who refused the trip, the Authority practically ignored the march.

Many viewers may consider the predominantly marching event a dead bore to begin with. Others however, and these probably include the majority of the Israeli TV watchers, might have enjoyed the sight of the smartly pacing Israeli contingent, led by a girl colonel. We would also have liked to hear some more about the "swapping" allegations levelled against our army team by a news-hungry Dutch daily.

Non-coverage of the event is inexcusable. I have seen reporters film, record and write up more startling events than the Nijmegen tour single-handed. Kol Yisrael also gave the event *no* more than a cursory mention.

All of which makes one wonder just what we have missed, are missing and will be missing from our programmes and who is going to set the criteria once and for all. Is it "all the news" or just sources with whom the top TV executives happen to be on good terms? Israeli TV is the highest taxed in the world. So is the local receiving licence. The least we can demand is protection from arbitrary decisions as to what the Israeli public is or is not entitled to see.

TV actually enjoys preferential treatment by the Army — and occasionally the censorship as well, viz, the surrender of the Fatah shown on Mabat last Friday. Pictures stopped earlier for publication by the press were later shown on TV — including one, showing the O.C. Central Command, Aluf Ze'evi, giving a Fatah man some water. It was a picture which should not only not have been held back by the Army Spokesman in the first place, particularly after having been passed by the censor, but should have been ensured world-wide circulation.

(The Army explains there was an element of misunderstanding involved, not intention.)

It was a pity that the TV commentary did not match the brilliant photography, which included some remarkable views taken through telescopic lenses deep into Jordanian territory.

★ ★ ★

WE found "Jerusalem the Golden" (Saturday — Jerusalem in drawings and engravings) interesting but patchy and somewhat confusing, perhaps because there was no real chronological order to the sequences. Veteran painter Ludwig Blum deserved a mention. While his Cinerama-Technicolor style and palette may not be everyone's cup of tea today, he is a true and recognized portrayer of the city.

Moked on Sunday dealt with recent changes in the Arab world. Produced by Tuvia Sa'ar and presided over by Eli Nissan, the panel included Aluf (Res). Meir Amit, Prof. Shimon Shamir and "Davar's" Arab Affairs Correspondent, Ehud Ya'ari.

Meir Amit pointed out that the dissolution of the so-called Arab eastern front on the one hand, and continued quibbling between the Arab countries on the other, created a new situation not unfavourable to Israel. Recent developments in Morocco and Sudan had again demonstrated the instability of Arab regimes and would bolster the Israeli argument versus Sisco's demands for immediate concessions.

This programme should have included gleanings from recent newsreels or even stills to illustrate the subjects discussed, such as Prof. Shamir's thesis (he suspected the Russians of being behind it all). Maps would have helped explain the Soviet's tactical motivations. The following day (Monday) the Mabat newsreel did include some interesting portraits of the U.S.S.R.'s Second Fleet in action in the Mediterranean. But still no maps.

★ ★ ★

THE launching of Apollo 15 on that same programme (Mabat, Monday) was, incidentally, *one of the most impressive I* have ever seen. I just wondered why it was over so fast — or could it be that this was a take of some earlier Apollo launching and that I missed the announcer telling us so; or was *the announcer at fault for* "omitting" this detail? I also found the report on the imminent closure of the Hula agricultural project one-sided, concentrating on a demonstration by the residents of Kiryat Shmona and their plaintive *chant of Lehem Ve'avoda* (Cairo's Hebrew radio announcer would have loved to see this bit); while the Minister of Agriculture's reasons for the closing were limited to precisely three sentences.

★ ★ ★

AN innovation: short stories by none other than Guy de Maupassant, who will surely no longer shock anyone, least of all the youngsters whose peak listening time coincides with the schedule of this new series (7.30 p.m., Mondays). The first "sermon" was something called *La Parure*, the necklace. Its moral: honesty does not pay. (A young couple slaved ten years to return a lost necklace only to learn that the article lent to them was artificial.)

★ ★ ★

VERY enjoyable, on Monday at 8 p.m., was *Klayim* (props) dedicated — as a monthly feature — to the arts and entertainment. IPO conductor Zubin Mehta took the wraps off the orchestra's forthcoming trip to Europe — including its first-ever to Germany.

Between his talking orchestra members into accepting the German invitation and the Foreign Ministry putting the squeeze on — the orchestra let itself be "ravished," the Maestro revealed. The Germans even postponed the opening of the Berlin Festival to have it fit the IPO's timetable.

Mr. Mehta also disclosed some of his plans for sneaking more contemporary music into future IPO programmes and bluntly "sat down" on the middle-aged diehards who make up the bulk of IPO subscribers, and balk at anything written later than the 19th century. The younger generation is entitled to a series of their own, including baroque to contemporary as well as Israeli works, he said.

A sampling of Dimitri Shostakovitch's *13th Symphony (Babi Yar)* was particular impressive. Tom Krause, billed as a baritone but actually sounding like a terrific basso to me, was backed up by an all-male (Hazamir and Beit Zionei America) choir.

Russia really dominated the screen on that excellent Monday evening: the Chamber Theatre polished a final rehearsal of its "Trial of the Writers," a documentary re-enacted with grim realism.

At the extreme other end of entertainment, Hagashash Hahiver, that irrepressible trio, have prepared a new show ("Cassius Clay versus Halfon"). They really fade when one sees them in a routine workout session. All the *illusions of a spontaneous humour* rather than the result of coaching (Yossi Banai) were sadly deflated.

The one sour note of the evening: an address by the Chief of Staff at a Reali Military Academy *graduation ceremony*. We had to await the late radio newscast to make heads or tail of what the C-in-C had said. On TV he failed to show up after he was announced — and did appear later to say a few sentences *which were abruptly cut off.* Technical accidents will happen. But they do make a much worse impression when seen on the screen.

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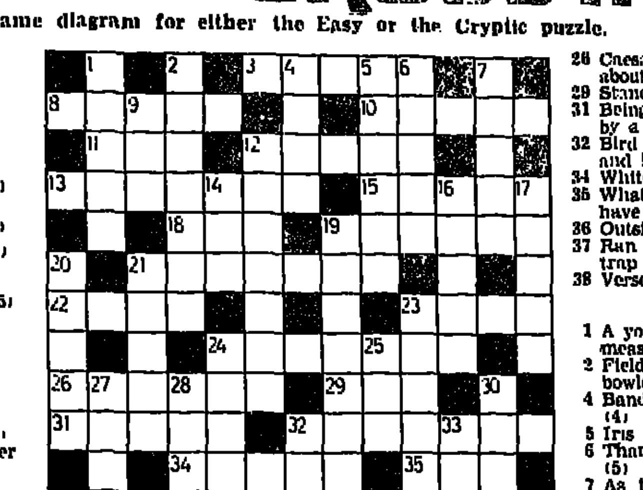
TWO-IN-ONE CROSSWORD

Use the same diagram for either the Easy or the Cryptic puzzle.



EASY PUZZLE

ACROSS

3 Extent (5)
8 Pool (6)
10 Fleet (5)
11 Crib (3)
12 Disconcert (5)
13 Lunges (7)
15 Give over (5)
18 Bolt fitting (3)
19 Gripping claw (6)
21 Annuls (7)
22 Cover (4)
23 Network (4)
24 Reporters (7)
26 Procedure (6)
29 X (3)
31 Fish (5)
32 Colonist (7)
34 Fighter (5)
35 Corn spike (3)
36 Rousing (5)
37 Gem (5)
38 Rhythm (5)

DOWN

1 Recess (5)
2 In accord (7)
4 Outdoes (4)
5 Abstract (6)
6 Consumed (5)
7 Wash (5)
9 Rocky hill (3)
12 Circulated (7)
14 Feed (3)
16 Fruit (5)
17 Wear away (5)
19 Antiseptic covering (7)
20 Handle awkwardly (5)
21 Course (5)
23 Refined (7)
24 All gone (2, 4)
25 Came together (3)
27 Blot out (5)
28 Long usage (5)
30 Cap (5)
32 Percolate (4)
33 Statute (3)

CRYPTIC PUZZLE

ACROSS

3 Workers on the go? (5)
8 Don is given a spell with the ball (3, 2)
10 Turner is the name of its operator (5)
11 Was commonly a receptacle? (3)
12 Pinch a third of a gallon of varnish (5)
13 Royal trophy for a flower? (4—3)
15 Is he German? (5)
18 Sweep, maybe (3)
19 She is back in a coma (6)
21 Native able to follow the fair around? (7)
22 Name dropping red (4)
23 We get £50? Good! (4)
24 Member of a trial group (7)
26 Caesar was very cut up about his treachery (6)
29 Standard spare part (3)
31 Being simple, I'm taken in by a boy (5)
32 Bird with the head of a duck and luxuriant tail (7)
34 White house! (5)
35 Whatever the fuss, one will have to suffice (3)
36 Outside of a missile? (5)
37 Run back in one direction to trap (5)
38 Verse rewritten and cut (5)

DOWN

1 A youngster takes it to be a measure (5)
2 Fielder who hasn't recently bowled? (4—3)
4 Band a child may play with (4)
5 Iris is on the bottle (6)
6 Thanks a fellow for stories (5)
7 As taught at a school for magicians? (5)
9 Not paper money (3)
12 Strange admissions of indebtedness to a dog (7)
14 When in it take care endlessly (3)
16 Turn from green to red? (5)
17 Last of the sailing vessels on the way up (5)
19 Coy pals giving us a song (7)
20 Mere lubbers, but their work is absorbing (5)
21 Book of records (5)
23 Authorise a hostile tirade? (7)
24 Its king is not crowned (6)
25 On which wrestling is rather dull? (3)
27 Just punch (5)
28 Works for nothing in shifting silt (5)
30 A crackling line, for instance (5)
32 Slime from the river, we hear (4)
33 She's a bit of a harridan (3)

Wednesday's Easy Solution

ACROSS.—1, Pale. 4 Aplomb. 8, Orb. 10, Writ. 13, Outdated. 14, Narrows. 15, Flying. 17, Miniature. 21, Don. 22, Orc. 23, Flu. 28, Mine-field. 27, Symbol. 28, Not sure. 32, Assessor. 34, Tray. 35, Bar. 36, Evenly. 37, Less.

DOWN.—1, Pawn. 2, Lair. 3, Brow. 5, Paddle. 6, Out. 7, Bad egg. 9, Bus. 11, Rapid. 12, Train. 16, Free. 16, Idle. 16, Norm. 19, Toil. 20, Urn. 23, First. 24, Ultra. 25, Estate. 26, Morsel. 28, Nob. 29, Oral. 30, Urge. 31, Eyes. 33, See.

Wednesday's Cryptic Solution

ACROSS.—1, Fish. 4, Fulham. 8, Rap (idly). 10, Grit. 13, Land's End. 14, S-event-h. 15, Knocks. 17, Ta-ble w-in-e. 21, Lay. 22, Eve. 23, Top (knot). 26, Key worker. 27, Pa-LL-id. 28, S-evil-le. 32, Roly-poly. 34, Nosy. 35, You. 36, Act-or-s. 37, La-Rd.

DOWN.—1, Fags. 2, SP-iv. 3, Salt. 5, Undone. 6, Hoe. 7, Medusa. 9, Pa-h. 11, Re-gal. 12, Telly. 15, Knew. 16, Cook. 18, Ball. 19, (sea) Weed. 20, Ivy. 23, Train. 24, P-E-als. 25, Spa-rta. 26, Kipper. 28, Sly. 29, Eyot (eight). 30, L-O-la. 31, Eyed. 33, Lot.

SOLUTIONS TO TODAY'S PUZZLES ON WEDNESDAY

TV TV TV TV TV

FRIDAY

3.30 Rhythmgame. 3.30 Good Evening — with Bina Shainfeld and Oded Kotler. 8.50 Weekly Magazine (1st edition). 9.30 "Court-martial of Billy Mitchell" — with Gary Cooper and Rod Steiger. 10.50 News. ARABIC: 6.30 News. 6.50 Full-length feature film. INSTRUCTIONAL: 4.02 The Magic Garden. 4.18 A Story I Loved. 4.26 In Ritual Motion (film). 4.54 Sing a Song.

SATURDAY

6.00 Cartoons. 7.30 News. 7.40 Lamentations. 8.00 The Rebellion Against the Romans. 8.30 The Destruction of the Temple. 9.00 Discussion on the meaning of the Ninth of Ab. 9.40 News. ARABIC: 6.30 "Broadway in Latin Rhythm." 7.00 News. 7.15 Forum.

SUNDAY

6.00 Six documentary stories on the Destruction of the Temple. 7.30 Bewitched. 8.00 Mabat. 8.20 Moked. 9.05 Run For Your Life: The Carnival Stops at Midnight. 9.55 News. *10.00 Mabat Sport:* Special edition for the Seven Nations Swimming Contest. ARABIC: 6.30 Sami and Susu. 7.00 News. 7.15 Projector. INSTRUCTIONAL: 4.30 English 5 — Welcome Uncle Allen. 4.43 Programme on the Ninth of Ab. 4.59 Massada (film). 5.10 Face to Face with Rabbi Mordechai Broyer. 5.35 Chess for Beginners: Lesson 5.

MONDAY

6.00 Lassie: The Job. 6.25 Children's stories. 7.30 Les Contes de Guy de Maupassant. 8.00 Mabat. 8.20 Concertina — monthly entertainment programme. 9.00 The Monthly Special: "Romeo and Juliet." 11.05 News. *ARABIC:* 6.30 On science, technology and medicine. 6.45 Messages to relatives and friends. 7.00 News. 7.15 Sport. INSTRUCTIONAL: 4.30 English 6 — The Open Door. 4.50 English 7 — Wanted: A Singer. 5.11 Who Has the Answer? 5.32 Il Faut Manger pour Vivre.

TUESDAY

6.00 David Copperfield: The Long Journey. 6.25 Puppetshow. 7.30 Family Affair. 8.00 Mabat. 8.20 "The Silent Pilots" — repeat broadcast from the "Road Signs" series. 8.30 The Israel Broadcasting Symphony Orchestra at the Israel Festival 1971: Mordechai Seter's "Sabbath Cantata" (live broadcast from Binyanei Ha'oomа). 9.05 The Saint: Interlude in Venice. 9.55 News. ARABIC: 6.30 For the Family. 7.00 News. 7.15 Projector. INSTRUCTIONAL: 4.30 English 5 — Welcome Uncle Allen. 4.42 A Story I Loved. 4.50 The Magic Garden. 5.06 "That's How We Are!" 5.27 Quiz for Youth.

WEDNESDAY

6.00 The War in Yemen, 1964 — through the camera of Lord Killbracken. 7.30 The 21st Century. 8.00 Mabat. 8.20 Mirasha. 8.50 "It Happened Tomorrow" — full-length feature film with Dick Powell and Linda Darnell. 10.25 News. ARABIC: This is your problem. 7.00 News. 7.15 The Israeli Arabs. INSTRUCTIONAL: 4.30 English 6 — The Open Door. 4.50 Science 6. 5.10 English 7 — Wanted: A Singer. 5.30 Writers' Fees.

THURSDAY

6.00 Headlines and Margins. 7.30 The Black Tulip (part 5). 8.00 Mabat. 8.20 Photography: Peter Maron, Ya'acov Agur, Ephraim Kidron and Dirk Berg. 8.50 The Entertainment Broadcasting Service: Love American Style. 9.40 Sport: The Match of the Week. 10.25 News. ARABIC: 6.30 The Story of... 6.55 Circus. 7.00 News. 7.15 Projector. *INSTRUCTIONAL:* 4.30 English 8 — Adverbs and Jazz. 4.46 Geometry 9. 5.02 Face to Face with Dr. Nathan Trainin. 5.17 The Seven Wonders of Tomorrow (film). 5.42 L'habit ne fait pas le moine.

ON THE AIR

FIRST PROGRAMME
266, 340.5 and 221 M.

NEWS: — *Today:* 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, and 12.00 p.m. Tomorrow: 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, and 12.00 a.m.; 1.00, 2.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00, 8.00, 10.00.

SECOND PROGRAMME
457 and 423 M.

NEWS: — Today: 6.05, 7.00, 8.00 9.00, 10.00, 11.00 and 12.00 a.m. 1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00 and 12.00 p.m. Tomorrow: 7.06, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00 a.m. 12.00, 1.00, 3.00, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 9.00, 10.00.

FIRST PROGRAMME
Today

1.58 p.m. Opening. 2.10 Mother and child. 3.05 "Kabbalat Shabbat." 4.04 Language Corner. 4.30 "Choirs": The Rubin" Academy Choir conducted by Avner Itay. 5.04 Programme Announcements, 5.06 Classical Request Programme. Canabich: Symphonie Pastorale in F-major (Conductor: Wolfgan Hofmann); Bach: Cantata No. 140 "Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme" (Conductor: Frits Werner); Mozart: "Ein kleine Nachtmusik" K. 525 Conductor: George Solti.). 6.10 "What will be heard?" — a *preview of next week's music programmes* — produced by Alexandra Melamed. 6.30 Literary Magazine. 7.05 "The Weekly Column. 8.10 Images, Pages and Songs for Shabbat. 8.30 Friday Evening Concert — (Stereo) Produced by Alexandra Melamed — Cherubini: Symphony in D-major (The Chamber Symphony of Philadelphia conducted by Anshel Brusilow); Schumann: Introduction and Concert Allegro for Piano (The Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy); Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 5 in E-minor (The Leningrad Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Jewgenij Mrawinskij). 10.05 "What do You Say?" — ed. by A. Ahi-Neomi. 11.05 "Repeat Broadcast" — The Israel Broadcasting Symphony Orchestra — Conductor: Mendi Rodan; Soloists: Pnina Salzman, Brachu Eden, Alexander Tamir, Arieh Vardi (Pianos) Bach Programme: Concerto in C-major for two Pianos; Concerto in C-major for three Pianos; Concerto in A-minor for four Pianos (recorded at the Israel Festival 1970, Mann Auditorium, Tel Aviv). 12.05 Close Down.

Tomorrow

7.58 a.m. Opening. 8.07 Programme Announcements. 8.15 Morning Concert: Rameau: "Les Palladins" Suite (Conductor: Marcell Bernard); Corrette: Concerto in B-flat major for Strings; Haydn: Symphony No. 81 in D-major (The Bach Collegium from London conducted by Helmuth Rilling). 8.55 A. Allon — Talk. 9.05 World of Science. 9.35 Musical Quiz arranged by Avi Hanani. 10.05 The Weekly Diary. 10.52 Hebrew Songs. 11.03 "Curtain Up." 12.05 "Reference" — The Communist Party. 1.05 Concert — Mozart: Piano Concerto in D-major ("Coronation") (Soloist: Frank Pelleg; Conductor: Otto Ackermann); Beethoven: Symphony No. 8 in F-major op. 93 (Conductor: Erich Leinsdorf). 2.10 Close Down.

5.06 p.m. "A Handful of Tunes" — Composers suggest... Yeheskel Braun. 6.10 "Anecdote" — Little Tales on Great Musicians. 6.30 Middle East Magazine. 7.07 Leonard Bernstein — "Jeremias" Symphony No. 1 (Jennie Tourel — Mezzo-Soprano and the New York Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Leonard Bernstein). 7.35 *Lamentations.* 8.09 Tonight's Programmes. 8.10 Line Broadcast from the Western Wall. 9.05 The Ninth of Ab — 3 interviews. 10.05 Close Down.

SECOND PROGRAMME
Today

6.00 a.m. Religious Service. 6.10 Exercises. 6.20 Musical Clock. 6.55 Programme Announcements. 7.05 Press Review. 7.15 Hebrew Songs. 7.55 "Green Light." 8.10 "Good Morning." 8.55 "From A to Z." 9.05 "Good Morning" (cont.). 9.49 The Small Ad. Corner. 10.05 Housewife's Corner. 12.07 Programme for the Worker and the Employer. 12.30 "At Midday" — Where to Go and Light Music. 2.35 Week-end — ed. by D. Guttman, presented by Yossi Banai. 4.05 "Radio-teens." 4.30 "Who's Afraid of Classical Music." 5.04 "A Season and its Sone." 5.35 Hebrew Songs. 6.05 "Strange and Peculiar" — Buddhism in Los Angeles (repeat). 6.41 Ray Coniff in Las Vegas. 6.59 Close Down.

9.05 p.m. Shabbat Shalom — story, song and proverb. 10.04 "Musical." 11.05 Yaffa Yarkoni Sings (repeat). 12.05 Night Music. 1.05 a.m. Close Down.

Tomorrow

6.58 a.m. Opening. 7.00 Religious Services. 7.16 Hebrew Songs. 7.35 Announcements. 7.40 Hebrew Songs (cont.). 7.55 Today's Programmes. 8.07 Songs and Melodies for Everybody. 10.05 "Classic and Light." 11.03 "Renewed Interview." 12.05 "Anything Handy." 1.05 Stage and Screen. 1.40 Cantoral Programme. 2.10 Where to Go and Light Music. 2.35 Popularand Liked. 5.04 The Problem in Question. 5.52 Reminiscences from Eretz Yisrael. 6.05 I am a New Immigrant." 6.25 Sport. 6.40 Hebrew Songs. 6.59 Close Down.

9.05 p.m. "The Ninth of Ab" — 3 interviews. 10.05 Close Down.

FOURTH PROGRAMME
448, 407 and 191 M.

Today and Tomorrow: News in English: 7.00 a.m., 1.30 and 8.30 p.m. News in French: 7.15 a.m., 2.00 and 8.45 p.m. Arabic Programme: 5.58-7.00 a.m.; 7.30-9.00 a.m.; 10.58 a.m.-1.30 p.m.; 2.30-8.30 p.m.; 9.00 p.m.-12.15 a.m.

ENGLISH PROGRAMME
(407, 292, 448 and 42 M.
737, 1025, 677, 7189 kHz)

7.00 a.m. News and Israel Press Review. 1.30 p.m. Jerusalem *Calling* — News and Sound Pictures of Life in Israel. 8.30 Newsdesk — News and Newsreel.

IMMIGRANTS' HOUR

Today: 7.00 p.m. News in Easy Hebrew: "A Line and a Song." 7.30 Yiddish. 8.00 Ladino. 8.15 Mograbi. 8.30 Rumanian. 8.45 Russian. 9.00 Close Down.

Tomorrow: 7.00 p.m. News in Easy Hebrew: Story. 7.30 Yiddish. 8.00 Ladino. 8.15 Mograbi. 8.30 Rumanian. 8.45 Hungarian. 9.00 Close Down.

ARMY PROGRAMME
216, 225 and 235 M.

Today: 11.00 a.m. Requests Programme. 11.15 From the Foreign Hit Parade. 11.30 Lunchtime Guest. 12.00 News. 12.05 Requests (cont.). 12.30 The Jewish Point — with Hanna Zemer. 12.35 Requests (cont.). 1.00 News. 1.05 Hebrew Songs — Requests. 1.30 Sports Corner. 1.35 Requests (cont.). 1.55 Announcements for Soldiers. 2.00 News. 2.05 Personal Announcements. 2.10 Close Down.

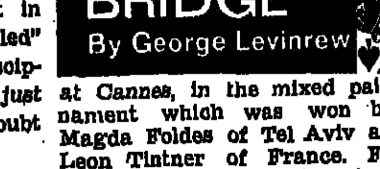
2.57 p.m. Opening. 3.00 News. 3.05 Reading the "Haftara." 3.07 "Old and *Good." 4.00 News. 4.05 Requests from* Soldiers. 5.00 News. 5.05 The Third Hebrew Hit Parade. 6.00 News. 6.05 This week in Zahal — weekly magazine. 6.45 Tradition. 7.00 News. 7.10 Ram Evron's Weekly Magazine. 8.00 News. 8.10 Roletta — Entertainment on the Wheel of Chance. 9.00 News. 9.05 Shmuel Shai's Magazine. 10.00 News. 10.05 My Hit Parade with Moshe Leshem. 11.00 News. 11.05 with Nahum Guttman. 12.00 News. 12.05 Close Down.

Tomorrow: 11.00 a.m. Opening. 11.03 with Nissim Azikri. 12.00 News. 12.05 "The Third Man" — radio game. 1.00 News. 1.05 Personal Questions. 2.00 News. 2.10 Close Down.

2.57 Opening. 3.00 News. 3.05 Songs and Tid-bits. 4.00 News. 4.05 Love, Love Not. 5.00 News. 5.05 On the Same Subject. 6.00 News. 6.10 Personal Experience. 7.00 News. 7.05 Research: Daily life at the Temple. 8.00 News. 8.10 On the Rivers of Babylon. 9.00 News. 9.05 Symposium. 9.30 Legends on the Destruction of the Temple. 10.00 News. 10.05 Minutes: Life in the Old City from World War I to the Day of Liberation. 11.00 News. 11.05 Minutes (cont.). 12.00 News. 1205 Close Down.

JERUSALEM CALLING
292, 407 and 448 Metres
(877, 727 and 1025 kHz.)
1.30-2 p.m.
English Programme

BRIDGE



BOOMERANG

Some players develop an art in psyching. Some use "controlled" psychics where rebids are "disciplined." Many psychic bids are just hit or miss. In the long run I doubt that it pays to psyche.

N Dlr

Dr. Magda Foldes
NORTH
♠ A 10 5
♡ A Q 6 3
◇ Q 10
♣ K J 4 2

Mme. Stoppa — WEST
♠ Q 8 4
♡ 9 5
◇ J 7 5 2
♣ 10 9 8 3

Forquet — EAST
♠ K 9 7 2
♡ 7 4
◇ K 9 8 6 3
♣ 7 5

Tintner — SOUTH
♠ J 6 3
♡ K J 10 8 2
◇ A 4
♣ A Q 6

The bidding:

NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
1♣	1◇	2♡	P
4♡	P	4 NT	P
5♡	P	6♡	All Pass

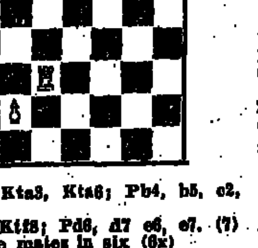
Today's deal occurred at the recent International Bridge Festival at Cannes, in the mixed pair tournament which was won by Dr. Magda Foldes of Tel Aviv and Mr. Leon Tintner of France. Forquet, one of the world's great players decided to compete. His bid of 1◇ was psychic.

Mme. Stoppa, also a well known French player, led a ◇. When the dummy went down Tintner realized that East probably did not have a suitable hand for an overcall. But did he have both the ◇ K and J? If so the hand seemed hopeless. However, if Forquet held only one of the two missing honours all declarer had to do was to guess correctly in order to make two ◇ tricks. He apparently decided that if West had the K she might have found the courage, equal to her partner's, and raised the diamonds in the auction. So the ◇10 was played and the slam was made.

If there had not been a psychic would West have led a ◇? With a ♡ or ♣ lead the hand could be set. Perhaps an occasional psychic adds excitement to the game. At times it prevents opponents from reaching a makeable game or slam. But, alas, sometimes it boomerangs.

CHESS

Problem No. 2250
A. FEOKTISOV, U.S.S.R.



Ka8; Rd3; Kta3, Kta6; Pb4, b5, c2, g6. (8)
Kb6; Bh8; Ktf8; Pd6, d7 e6, e7. (7)
White mates in six (6x)

SOLUTIONS. Problem No. 2248 (Shedey): 1.Kte5!; 1.Ktg6? d5!

FISCHER DOES IT AGAIN

After Taimanov's complete fiasco in the Vancouver ½ finals of the World Championship Candidates' Matches, there was hardly anyone who imagined that Fischer's unprecedented 6-0 victory could ever happen again. Nevertheless, that is exactly what happened in the Denver semi-final match. Failing to revenge himself after the first game, Bent Larsen was apparently demoralized. He committed grave mistakes, and in the third game was virtually lost as early as the 11th move. Fischer's feat in Denver was a triumph of logic and computer-like precision. The fourth game perfectly illustrates the winner's style.

King's Indian Defence
B. LARSEN — R. FISCHER

1.c4 g6 2.Ktf3 Bg7 3.d4 Ktf6 4.Ktc3 0-0 5.e4 d6 6.Be2 e5 7.0-0 Ktc6 8.d5 Kte7 9.Ktd2 c5 10.Rb1 Kte8 11.b4 b6 12.a4 f5 13.a5 Ktf6 14.Qa4 Qc7 15.Qa3 Bh6 16.Bd3 Qd7 17.b:c b:c 18.e:f g:f 19.Bc2 a6 20.Ktde4 B:a1 21.Kt:f6+ R:f6 22.Rf:a1 Ra8 23.Rb6 Rc8 24.Kta3 f4 25.Be4 Ktf5 26.Rc6 Qg7 27.Rb1 Kth4 28.Qd3 (28. R:c8 R:c8 29.Qh3 Ref8 30.Q:h4 Rh6) 28.— Bf5 29.Kh1 f3 30.Ktg3 f:g+ 31. Kg1 Bie4 32.Q:e4 Ktf5+ 33.K:g2 Ktd2. White resigns.

EQUILIBRIUM IN MOSCOW

Both Tigran Petrosian and Victor Korchnoi proved themselves masters of defence, demonstrating accurate play even under severe time-pressure. The sixth game, in which Korchnoi had just one minute to complete nine moves is a point in the case.

Queen's Indian Defence
V. KORCHNOI — T. PETROSIAN

1.c4 Ktf6 2.Ktf3 e6 3.d4 b6 4.g3 Bb7 5.Bg2 Be7 6.Ktc3 Kte4 7.Bd2 d6 8.d5 Kt:d3 9.Kt:d3 0-0 10.0-0 Kh8 11.Qc2 Ktd7 12.b4 Bf6 13.Ktde4 B:a3 14.Kt:c3 Qe7 15.Rfd1 Ktf6 16.a3 e5 17.Rab1 Kte8 18.e3 g6 19.Kte3 f5 20.e5 Rad8 21.a4 Ktf6 22.Qc4 a6 23.Rbc1 Rf7 24. c:b c:b 25.Qd3 Kg8 26.Re2 Qe8 27.Qb3 Re8 28.R:e8 Q:e8 29.Rc1 Qa8 30.h3 Kg7 31.f4 B:d5 32.B:d5 Q:d5 33.Q:d5 Kt:d5 34.Bc6 Rd7 35.a5 b:a 36.b:a Kt:e3 37.R:e6 Ktc4 38.Ra8 Rb7 39.a6 Rb1+ 40.Kf2 Ra1 41.a7 Ktd3. Draw agreed.

A.S.A. RETAINS TITLE

Tel Aviv A.S.A. won the 1971 National Team Championship for the third successive year beating Haifa Hapoel 3-1 (2) in the final round. The final standings: A.S.A. 35½ (2), T.A. Lasker 37½, Bat Yam Hapoel and Rishon Lezion Feldklein 29½, *Technion A.S.A.* 28 (2), *Jerusalem* Hapoel 25, Haifa Herzliya 23 (1), Haifa Hapoel 21½ (2), Jerusalem Rubinstein 21 (4), Haifa Lasker 18 (1). Emek Hefer/Netanya Hapoel and Ramat Gan won the Second Division North and South respectively. Winners of the 8 regions in the Third Division were: Beit Alfa Afula/Merhavia, Beit Nagler I, T.A. Merkaz Hanoar, Holon II, Rishon Lezion Youth, Rehovot and Mashabei Sade.

TEL AVIV MERKAZ HANOAR I won the 1971 Junior National Team Championship held in Petah Tikva with 8 points, ahead of Rishon Lezion 7, Petah Tikva 6½, Merkaz Hanoar II 6½, Ort 5, Haifa Bosli 4.

ARYEH LEV, Israel's Junior champion, *is representing Israel in the* World Junior Championship now in progress in Athens with over 40 participants.

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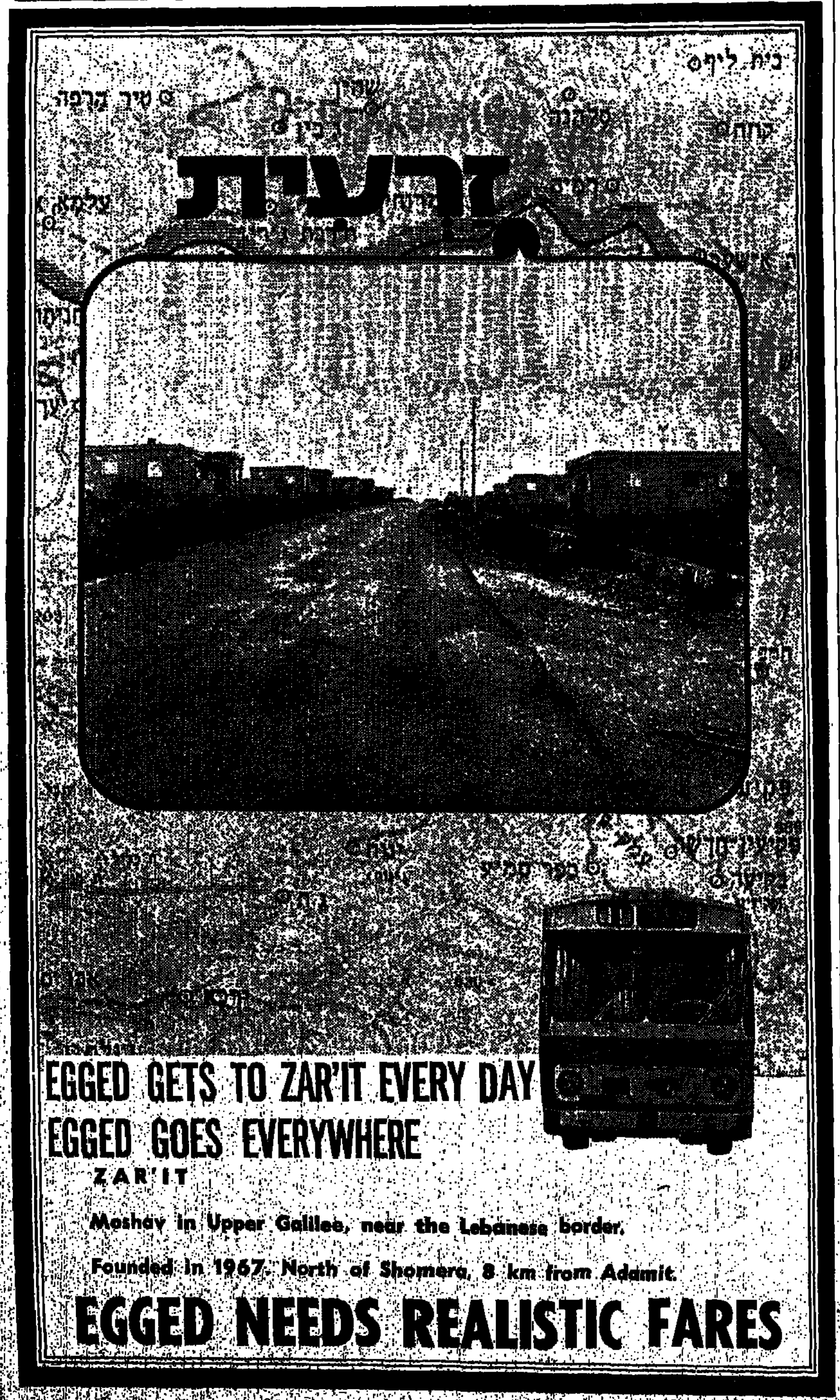
RADIO FOR MUSIC LOVERS

TODAY: 4.30 p.m.: Avner Itai conducts the "Rubin" Academy Choir, Jerusalem. 5.05 p.m.: Cannabich; Bach: *Cantata No. 140; Mozart: Eine Kleine* Nachtmusic. 8.30 p.m.: Cherubini: Symphony; Schumann: Piano Concert Allegro; Tschaikowsky: Symphony No. 5. 11.05 p.m.: Bach: Concertos for Two, Three and Four Pianos — Mendi Rodan conducts Israel Broadcasting Orchestra, soloists: P. Saltzman, A. Vardi, B. Eden, A. Tamir.
SATURDAY: 8.15: Rameau: Corrette; Haydn. 1.05 p.m.: Mozart "Coronation" Concerto (Pellego); Beethoven: Symphony No. 8 (Leinsdorf): 5.05 p.m.: Composers suggest... Yehezkiel Braun. 7.07 p.m.: Bernstein: "Jeremiah" Symphony.
SUNDAY: 8.45 p.m.: Bach: Brandenburg Concerto No. 5; Mozart: Violin Concerto No. 5; Divertimento, K. 136 (Taube—Holon Chamber Orchestra). *11.05 p.m.: Debussy:; Ravel; Poulenc;* Harris.
MONDAY: 3.05 p.m.: Dvorak: Cello Concerto (Piatigorsky-Boston-Munch). 5.05 p.m.: Chopin: Krakowiak; Albeniz: Spanish Suite.
TUESDAY: 5.05 p.m.: Kopenhagen String Quartet plays Haydn, op. 64, *No. 5.* 8.30 *p.m.*: Israel Festival from Binyenei Ha'ooma (see "Poster"). 11.05 p.m.: Beethoven: Mozart-Variations (Feurmann). Mendelssohn: Octet; Britten: "Gemini" Variations.
WEDNESDAY: 3.05 p.m.: Rostropovich: Schumann: Cello Concerto; *Shostakovich: Piano Trio No. 2.* 5.05 p.m.: Eugenia Zukerman, flute, plays sonatas by Bach, Hindemith, Poulenc. 10.05 p.m.: Verdi: "Aida" — complete opera (Leinsdorf-Price, Bumbry, Domingo, Milnes).
THURSDAY: 3.05 p.m.: Bach: Prelude and Fugue in E-flat (Power Biggs, Organ), Toch: String Trio. 5.05 p.m.: Partos: Oriental Ballad (Harel); Stravinsky: "Pulcinella" Ballet (Samsonov, Ben-Shahar-Rodan). 8.45 p.m.: Maureen Forrester, *Aurele Nicolet, Eldad Neumark* — Schubert; Schumann; Mahler; Debussy; Messiaen. 11.05 p.m.: "Nocturne" — Childhood — Mozart, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Ravel, Debussy.

Yehuda Efroni, Tova Pardo and Galia Yishai in RELATIVELY SPEAKING.



The pitfalls of sitch-com

THEATRE
Mendel Kohansky

RELATIVELY SPEAKING by Alan Ayckburn, translated by Ada Ben Nahum, at Habimah. Directed by Tony Jones, settings and costumes by Lydia Pincus-Gani, music by Poldi Shaetzman, lighting by Nathan Panturin.

IT may or may not be true — so far I have not seen this belief statistically proven — that during the summer season the public cannot take any serious stuff and has to be *spoonfed* light comedy. Our theatres not only accept this theory but have the tendency to confuse light comedy with silly stuff, such as Relatively Speaking, which *opened* at Habimah this week.

* * *

Did I say silly? Yes, I meant silly, a situation comedy involving four extremely uninteresting characters entangled in a laboriously contrived, improbable situation, made up of misunderstandings stretched to breaking point and beyond it, misunderstandings which could have easily been cleared up by one of the characters asking the kind of question you or I would ask. Take for instance the woman in whose house a strange young man has showed up to talk of his intention to marry a girl named Ginny, obviously mistaking the woman for someone else. Does she ask him what the hell he is doing in her house, and who Ginny is? No, for had she asked she would have found out that Ginny is her husband's mistress, the boy would find out that she is not the girl's mother, and the play would have had to end there and then — with the audience a clear winner. But the author has plenty of tricks up his sleeve, one shabbier and more predictable than the next, and it takes him about another hour to unload them all.

* * *

Still, I have seen plays of this sort providing an entertaining evening — despite the text, when virtuoso actors under a clever director invest the proceedings with superb professionalism and the charm of their personalities. In the present case, director Tony Jones has done a routine job, and the quartet consisting of Ariel Furman, Galia Yishai (the young lovers), Tova Pardo, Yehuda Efroni (the middle aged marrieds) has little to offer. Add to it the unattractive settings and costumes designed by Lydia Pincus-Gani, and you get a perfect evening to stay away from.

Demama

Mute dance group makes debut

A DANCE group calling itself Demama made its debut last week with four works choreographed by Moshe Efrati who also serves as the group's artistic director. What makes Demama different from other dance companies is the fact that all its members are deaf and mute, and body movement and mime is their principal means of expression. They are also amateurs; they all earn their livings in various other occupations, as specified in the programme brochure.

The eight young men and women have amazingly good control of their bodies, considering the fact that they are not professionals and that they began their training late (for dancers) in life. I do not know whether this is in any way *connected* with their being deprived of speech or whether all credit should go to their teacher. What the dancers do lack is *finesse*, and the range of their facial expression is rather limited.

Moshe Efrati has created for Demama four dances which do not demand very much in the way of techniques, and the group performs them well. In To Reach, Shmuel Saban is impressive as the *outsider* desperately trying to enter society, while Ron Giladi is just as impressive as society's leader successfully keeping him out.

Three artists from Uruguay

ALL three graphic artists at the Old Jaffa Gallery have eminent standing in their home country, Uruguay, have represented it in international shows and have won *numerous* top awards for their paintings and prints. The fine and up-to-date technique each etching reveals is therefore the least one could expect. Glauco Cappozolli's works *centre* on well-drawn albeit academic women, some based on historical types of various periods and executed in different appropriate styles. These "salon" figures are *forced* into intimacy with flat colour background divisions and sometimes geometric forms. The earnest banality of the figures is emphasized by the unsuccessful attempt to *modernize* the style through blatantly superficial contrasts. The mature rich art of Luis A. Solari is squarely in lyric fantasy but the *types* and the dress of many of the figures may indicate a connection with local folklore. His images are derived through one of the standard surrealist techniques of unnatural crossbreeding: he mixes animal and human physiognomies. He does not lean entirely on bizarre images alone however. The colours often vibrate intensely and many of his imaginative compositional designs possess the rare quality of being both complex and compact. In two of the larger prints (many are quite tiny) he has his re-shuffled physiognomies inside and protruding from three-dimensional-seeming boxes, an image that bears a distinct resemblance to the more recent works of Israeli painter Moshe Propes. Raul Pavlotzky, who was born in Israel in 1918 and who *emigrated with his family to Uruguay* when he was 12, was a co-founder of the first group of abstract painters in Uruguay. His etchings on display here are based *on tightly-packed montage* combinations of irregular rectangular forms and photographs of figures and buildings. The textures are delicate and interesting and his sheets are well-balanced *masses but when* realistic-documentary images and human figures appear in a work of art one inevitably seeks humanistic meanings. Like many proto-Pop *works* these *prints merely mix* figures with other elements as if they were abstract forms, thus leaving a void where an entire stratum of signification, including mood, should be. OLD JAFFA (Old Jaffa Gallery). Till Aug. 7.

REUVEN BERMAN

Luis A. Solari (etching) at the Old Jaffa Gallery.

GALLERY GUIDE

JERUSALEM

ISRAEL MUSEUM

PICASSO CERAMICS — The master at his near best in a medium to which his brilliant gifts are particularly suited: his ability to decorate an area is unsurpassed and here he uses all his favourite cliches and squiggles to give life to comparatively simple ceramic forms, plates and bowls, though the bird-*shaped jugs are more sculptural and* he makes the most of them, adapting the drawing to the form. Birds, bullfights, fauns, all the typical Picassiana abound and the colours and glazing are generally superb. One is forcibly reminded that Picasso often draws rather than paints even on canvas and many of these exhibits are as successful as any of his "drawn" type paintings. A superb show. (M.R.)

***CONTEMPORARY JAPANESE* PRINTS** — A donation, this small collection is a disappointment. None of the better young Japanese printmakers are included and only a couple of them are really contemporary. The bulk and the best of the show are by Munakata (born 1903) whose woodcuts fluctuate between the Zen and the decorative and are often charming, but many of them were conceived three decades ago. The show is worth visiting *just to see his "Night Visit"*, a woman opening the screen of a bedroom. (M.R.).

Jacques Lipchitz at eighty — 100 sculptures and drawings(from Wed.) 130 bronze maquettes by Jacques Lipchitz *(Billy Rose Pavilion) from* Wed.).
Albrecht Dürer: woodcuts and engravings.

NEW IMMIGRANT ARTISTS—Show by newcomers who have already reached professional standing in their country of origin (Artists House) from 8.30 p.m. Sun.

COLLECTORS' CHOICE. — Marvellous new *semi-kinetic sculptures* by Benni Efrat, who is making an international reputation, as well as fine new Zaritskys and new works by Rafi, Koren and others (Rina Gallery, by appointment Tel: 56078 or 11-1; 4-7 except Friday, 90a Herzl Blvd.).

CENTRAL GALLERY — New venture specialising in original lithographs by leading Israeli artists, (Rehov Hacmek, near corner of Rehov David Hamelech).

NEHADA HARNIK-GEFEN — Pleasant if not very stimulating watercolours, some of them much influenced by Zaritsky. (Engel Gallery) till Aug. 7.

NORA GALLERY — Summer collection, 11.30-1.30 4.30-6.30 Sat. 11.30-1.30 (Closed Wed. Fri.).

TEL AVIV

DEBORA SIMHONY. — *First independent* show by middle-aged Haifa artist who studied with Davidovich and Yaskil. Several works stand out in the mixture of styles and oscillating quality. Her main concern seems to be that of extracting aesthetically valuable qualities from reality without breaking visible connection with it. She best succeeds with understatement and vigorous economy. In "Letter Boxes" (3) she makes subtle forms out of light and shade on a wall and in "Door in the Yard" (10) she accents a few features and plays down the rest and comes up with a contemporary post-abstraction version of Vuillard. A few other paintings exhibit similar subtleties but what better reflects the artist's talent and capabilities, these few works or the others which are pedestrian art studio studies? (Beit Shalom Aleichem). (R.B.)

ED TUBRIDY — First one-man show *of abstract fantasies by painter who* was born in Ireland in 1937 and who has been living and working in Israel since 1965. OLD JAFFA (Old Jaffa Gallery). Aug. 1-21.

MOSHAV ARTISTS — Large show *by artists from agricultural settle*ments from all over the country. (Artists Pavilion, 9 Alharizi). Till Aug. 8.

LIM COLLECTION — Non-abstract paintings and sculptures by Israelis. This summer show includes works by a number of artists not represented elsewhere in Tel Aviv, e.g., Bazgour (lives in France), Pinhas Sha'ar (formalized figures on Jewish and Israeli themes), Batya Lichansky (veteran sculptress of expressive *figures*) and *Bezalel Mann (scrap* metal assemblages depicting animals). (Lim Gallery, 170 Ben Yehuda). Open Sat. eves 8-11, aside from regular weekday hours.

PETAH TIKVA SUMMER EXHIBITION — Large show *of paintings* and graphics comprised solely of works by Israelis in the permanent collection of the Museum. This provincial museum is quite remarkable for its energetic acquisition programme. Most of the 74 works in this show were acquired during the past year. PETAH TIKVA (Yad Lebanim Memorial Museum).

BINETH COLLECTION — The emphasis is on lyric-representationalism but the range is wide and liberal and the quality impressive. All works by Israelis, some of them living abroad. (Bineth Gallery, Frug St.).

KLATCHKIN COLLECTION — Consistently non-abstract collection of paintings and sculptures (most of the latter in the patio) that features contemporary impressionist, expressionist and surrealist works by Israelis and three French-Jewish painters. (Hadassah Klatchkin Gallery, Frug St.).

MARIO — Selection of paintings done during the last ten years by artist who recently immigrated to Israel from Mexico. (Israels Gallery, 21 Israels).

RUTH EILAN — Descriptive oils and watercolours by Haifa artist. (220 Gallery, 220 Ben Yehuda). Aug. 2-21.

TEL AVIV MUSEUM — New building: Israeli Paintings and Sculptures, Art and Science, Contemporary *French Tapestries.* Helena Rubinstein Pavilion: French Tapestries, international sculptures from the coll. Dizengoff House: works from the Museum's art classes for youth, paintings from the coll.

DUGITH COLLECTION. — Small paintings in lighter summer spirit, on canvas and paper by Israelis.(Dugith Gallery)

ORI ABARBANEL. — Whimsical landscapes by Israeli who has taken degrees in industrial design and in art history *in California* where he now resides. (Beit Hahayal, Weizmann 60). Till Aug. 1.

RAHELI BERESON. — Folklore-inspired ceramic figures by Jerusalem craftswoman. ("London Mini*store" Gallery*, 2 Sderot Shaul Hamelech). July 24 — Aug. 6.

MAKONDE SCULPTURES. — Contemporary ebony sculptures of the Malagasy Republic's Makonde Tribe which contain striking parallels to surrealist forms and images. RAMAT AVIV (Museum of Folklore and Ethnography, Museum Ha'aretz (Complex).

GORDON COLLECTION — One of the finest samplings of recent Israeli art and experimentation to be seen in this country. Works by many artists not represented in other Tel Aviv galleries. (Gordon Gallery II, 4 Natan Hehaham).

MABAT COLLECTION — Bright, varied, interesting show of contemporary *Israeli painting, graphics,* and some sculpture, that includes naive art as well as hard-edge abstraction. (Mabat Gallery, 31 Gordon).

DVORA SHOCKEN GALLERY COLLECTION — Mixed in quality but with several impeccable works by contemporary Israeli painters and sculptors. Modified description as well as abstraction. (Dvora Shocken Gallery, 59 Hovevei Zion).

YEHOSHUA ELIBAZ — Young *painter fresh from* year in London shows abstractions fashioned of illusionist depths, warping and springy balances. (Chemerinsky *Gallery,* 86 Gordon).

PAINTING AND SCULPTURE IN GLASS — Generally unsuccessful though occasionally interesting experiments in developing new artistic usages of glass. RAMAT AVIV Glass Museum, Museum Ha'aretz).

EDUARDO VERNAZZA — Drawings by prominent Uruguayan artist. Impressions of figures, some of them well-known stage personalities. His handling is gestural and competent. (Beit Leivik Art Gallery, 30 Dov Hoz).

SEVEN ISRAELI PAINTERS — The landscape paintings of S. Zalman Baran, a painter who immigrated from the U.S.S.R. not long ago, are *more slick than previously exhibited* works of his. But that implies at least a modicum of professional maturity, a quality that is painfully lacking in the works of the other six exhibitors. (Israels Gallery, Israels St.).

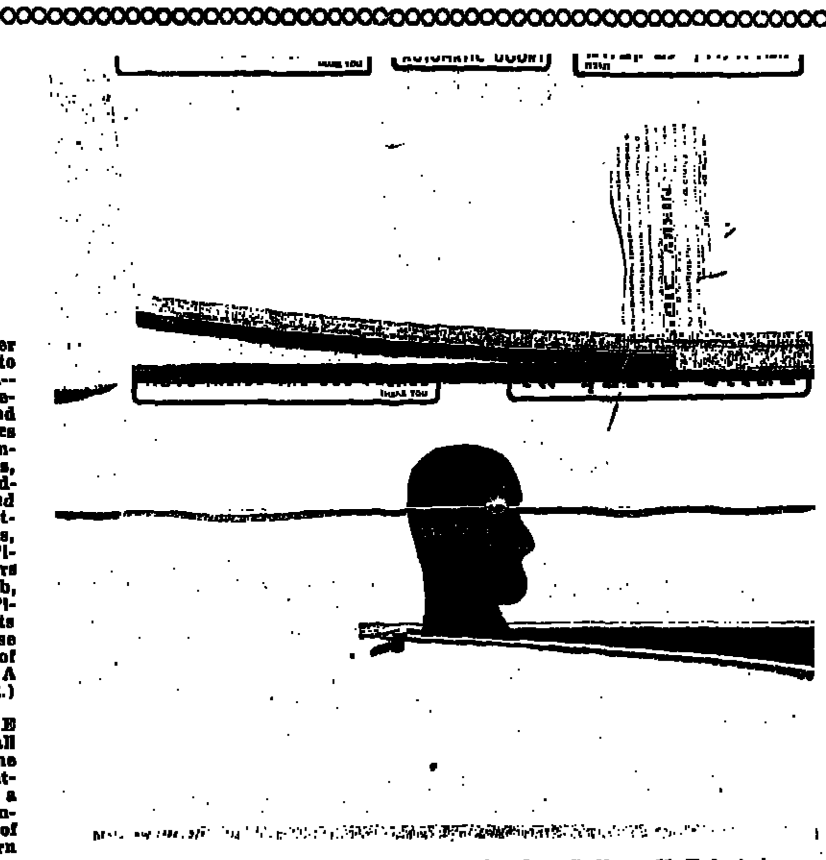
THREE URUGUAYAN PRINTMAKERS — Works by Glauco Capozzole, Israel Pavlotzki and Luis Solari. OLD JAFFA (Old Jaffa Gallery). Till August 7.

RAZIEL PINES — Scratched crayon renderings of figures and some still lifes by member of Kibbutz Yagur. (Haramati Gallery, 23 Israels.)

JOEL LOTAN — Retrospective show of nature photographs. (Kibbutz Artzi House Gallery, 13 Leonardo da Vinci.) Daily except Sat., 8 a.m.-3 p.m.

HANNA KAY — Erotic themes in decorative contour-line drawings remarkable for their innocence. (New Gallery, 32 Reiness.)

ZIPPORA ASHKELON — Sculptures. (Manya Bialik House, Bialik St.)



Michael Druks: Collage (1971) from Gordon Gallery II Tel Aviv.

HAIFA

ITZHAK GRUBER — Landscapes and flowers in watercolours which, however, miss the self-confidence of polished work. He does have a certain flair, in the landscapes, for a broad perspective to a horizon, actual or theoretical, e.g. "Acre" (11), "Haifa" (25), "Bat Galim," and the *rather subtle "Kiryat Amal" (31).* The flowers, e.g. 26 and 29, reveal pleasant harmonies. (Beit Abba Khoushy). Till August 13. (H.)

SUMMER EXHIBITION. — This now annual event at the Hagefen exhibits artists connected with the Gallery, e.g. oils by Kalish (his "Blind Musicians"); a vivid depiction, almost toylike, of tugs by Kolker who here gets over his disproportionism; H. Weissenberg's soft edge, expressionist landscape; Heinz Weissenberg's miniature *oils* too *small* except for that including a half-figure; Weinstein's arrangement of boats; etc. Watercolours are plentiful; landscapes from Feuerstein; a park scene by Korber; Szilagyi's sea scapes; Wolle's interesting rendering of circles flowing outwards from the sun towards earth; etc.

A novelty is the first appearance of Hagefen's etching studio. The palm goes easily to Svadron who has already exhibited at the Gallery and, *in a 19th. century style* ("Farmer's Kitchen" and "Moorkanal"), is an expert. Wagner arouses future expectations by his portrayals of musicians and his composite "Jerusalem." Neuman's "In Gan Tavia" is executed in a capable decorative, almost abstract. Crotioro simply hides an immature technique behind colour; on the other hand, his oil of a street scene is away above previous work. (Hagefen Gallery). Till end August. (H.)

NISSAN ENGEL. — *Oils* painted in a roughish but smooth looking manner and in a composition either stratified or placed within a tondo. He works on different materials, canvas, carton, masonite etc. He has only two themes, viz. the horsemen or the mysterious city (a conglomeration of Greek temples) alone or combined, as if suspended in space of inhabiting a never-never land. The lonely riders ride on to nowhere under a gathering night; the cities just exist perhaps populated, perhaps not. A sun stands low in the sky, sometimes two suns mutually attracted to each other; *elsewhere stars to which in* one instance, the man in the moon is drawn, or are they gazing at him? It is not a very optimistic approach but fundamentally subject counts here for little except to vary colour and import systematic order into the picture. Engel has two leading colours, nocturnal blue and the deep red of the setting sun; and, somewhat like Castel, he has arrived at a position which hangs on the luminosity and tones of these two colours. When the viewer takes to his work on account of the coloration, subject and motifs fill a subsidiary role. (Goldman's Gallery). (H.)

LEAH NAHUM. — Primitive landscapes and still lifes in clean and *disciplined oils. (Ritz Gallery).* Till August 6.

SUMMER EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS. (Hagefen Gallery). Till end August.

ASHDOT YA'ACOV (Hameuhad)

ALEXANDRA ZEID — This exhibition of her batik seems to be an improvement on last year's at Haifa, and it is now easier to assess the *place of subject in her work. Some,* e.g. *the "alligator" item and those* of divinities, hail from pre-Colombian art. Most interesting is her use of depicted jewellery, found in the "faceless women" and in several abstract and decorative pieces, viz. a lightening of formal dead weight either by elongation or by tapering and dotted lines leading off from the central motif. In one abstraction (the exhibits lack name and number) such linearity turns into a striking decorative which, while being neither *Rococo nor Art Nouveau, has* the spirit of both. On the whole, one prefers her darker colours to the lighter, particularly yellow where it constitutes a border, although yellow becomes less objectionable when coordinated with other interior colours. Thus, on the general principle, the blue and green version of the same woman's head (not to be confused with the "faceless") is superior to the red-yellow hung beside it. (Uri & Rami Museum). Till August 8. (H.)

Batik by Alexandra Zeid.

NAHARIYA

FELICIA FREUNDLICH. — Oils ranging from naturalism to a passable realism and divided between impressionism and a style of defined areas. (Municipal Museum). Till August 7.

HAZOREA

CONTEMPORARY GRAPHIC ART FROM ISRAEL & OTHER COUNTRIES. — (Wilfrid Israel House). Opening Sat. 10 a.m.

هكذا من الأصل

The POSTER

Theatre

LA MANDRAGOLA (Haifa) — Yaacov Shabtai has given Machiavelli's 400-year-old comedy some racy Hebrew dialogue and Michael Alfreds directs in the informal, disreputable, street-corner fashion of comedia dell'arte. The results are satisfactory: *especially enjoyable are the acrobatics.* TEL AVIV Beit Hachayal Wed., Thurs.

MEDEA (Cameri) — a major event in our theatrical life due to the monumental performance of Hanna Marron in the title role and an imaginative production by Yossi Yisraeli. YAGUR Sun. HAIFA (Municipal Theatre) Mon., Tues., *Wed., Thurs.*

THE ROSE TATTOO (Habimah) — TEL AVIV (Habimah) Sun., Wed., Thurs.

COLOMBE (Habimah) — Jean Anouilh's play is exceedingly well constructed with the proper mixture of drama, sentiment, humour. It is also artificial and shallow. Habimah's production is remarkable for the performance of Lia Koenig as the corrupt, imperious tragedienne. TEL AVIV (Habimah) Mon., Tues.

IT'S ALL RELATIVE (Habimah) — TEL AVIV (Habimah) Sun., Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs.

THE BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE (Godik) — The comedy which captured Broadway deals with the eternal problem of the generation gap. Directed by Leonard Schach, with Rachel Marcus in the leading role. KIRYAT BIALIK (Savyon) Fri. TEL AVIV (Ohel) Tues. REHOVOT (Amphi) Wed. ASHKELON (Rachel) Thurs.

THE FAMILY ALBUM (Tzavta) — Nir Itzhak Fri. TEL AVIV (Tzavta) Sat. MY MOTHER THE GENERAL (The Young Theatre) — NAHARIYA (Hod) Sun. TEL AVIV (Ohel Shem) Tues., Wed. SAFAD (Zili) Thurs.

ZORBA THE GREEK (Eydan) — RAMAT GAN Fri. TEL AVIV (Beit Histadrut Hamorim) Tues., Wed.

THE MOSCOW WRITERS TRIAL (Cameri) — The trial of Daniel and Sinyavsky serves as material for this documentary play presented in a semi-dramatized form. (not yet reviewed).

RELATIVELY SPEAKING (Habimah) A silly comedy by Britain's Alan Ayckburn, directed his countryman Tony Jones. The direction and acting do not improve on the situation comedy with its *mechanical, far-fetched humor.* (See review).

FATHER'S DAY (Godik) — A New York tale about three ladies with bitchy tongues and their three former husbands. A verbal orgy of hatred, not recommended for those who shun bad language (not yet reviewed).

Musicals

HASSIDIC EVENING. — with Rabbi Shlomo Carlebach, accompanied by the "House of Love and Prayer" Tues. 8.30 p.m. (Mitchell Hall). JERUSALEM.

HAVA ALBERSTEIN (Bimot) — The *popular singer appears in a one-woman* show as a sophisticated chanteuse, a role which does not entirely suit her, but shows possibilities she has not revealed before. TEL AVIV (Beit Hachayal) Mon. KFAR GILADI Tues. REVIVIM Wed.

A SEPHARDIC ORCHARD (Bimot) — GEVARAM (Amfi) Mon. NAZARETH Tues. HAIFA (Mal) Wed. TEL AVIV (Ohel) Thurs.

MAHBEROT HAHESHEK (Bimot) — JERUSALEM (Mitchell) Mon. TEL AVIV (Beit Hachayal) Tues. AYELET HASHACHAR Wed.

THE KING AND THE COBBLER (Cameri) — The revived musical about the wise king and his double, the drunken cobbler, is as entertaining as the original production of some six years back. Nathan Alterman's lyrics are charming and witty, Sasha Argov's tunes are pleasant, the set and costumes of Arieh Navon are a joy to the eye, and Crandall Diehl equipped the show with good dancing. *Illy Gorlitsky in the double role hugely* enjoys himself, and the audience enjoys him. ASHDOD Sun. NAAN Mon. TEL AVIV Wed. HAIFA Thurs.

IRMA LA DOUCE OF JAFFA (Popular Theatre) — Sweet Irma returns, but this time in a Jaffa setting. Popular and thoroughly professional. HOLON (Rina) Fri. BAT YAM (Asmaut) Mon. KIRYAT MALACHI Tues.

JUMBO (Popular Theatre) — Song, dance and comedy, all formerly shown in army entertainment troupes — young, fresh and enjoyable. TIVON (Yuval Or) Fri. KIRYAT ATA (Shavit) Sun. REHOVOT (Beit Haam) Tues. TEL AVIV (Dekel) Wed.

CASSIUS CLAY VERSUS HALFON (Popular Theatre — NAHARIYA (Hod) Fri. TEL AVIV (Beit Hachayal) Sun. THE PATRIARCH ABRAHAM VERSUS THE MATRIARCH SARAH (Popular *Theatre)* GIVATAYIM (Shavit) Fri. SAFAD (Zili) Sun. KIRYAT SHMONEH (Snir) Thurs.

YEHORAM GAON (Popular Theatre) — TEL AVIV (Dekel) Sun., Mon., Tues. NETANYA (Sharon) Thurs.

Hobbies

MODEL SAILBOAT RACE — At Tantura Beach (Dor), Thursday afternoon, August 5. This annual event features boats made by youngsters at the Technical Clubs for Youth throughout the country. Finals of the competition — 36 winners out of 984 entries — start at 6 p.m. Opening ceremony at 4 p.m.

Composer Frank Martin ("In Terra Pax") at the piano, at rehearsal, with conductor Willi Gohl looking on and baritone Kurt Widmer trying out a phrase (at the Israel Festival, in Jerusalem, Tel Aviv and Caesarea).

Getting ready for the annual model sailboat race at Tantura (see above).

Eating out

NELO AMITI (22 Eilat Street) — Proudly holds up the traditions of Rumanian cooking, and does it at fairly moderate prices. We spent much time trying to decide what *to take for a first course out* of a display of smoked fish, herrings, salads etc. and finally had a slice of lakerda which came with a mound of chopped raw onion; while our companion had carp baked with vegetables in a tomato sauce. After this promising beginning we had steaks and a Rumanian speciality: patrician, which is a sausage about 25cm. long, highly spiced and very juicy. The meat was accompanied by a generous platter of crisp French fried potatoes and another platter full of various pickles. Doing as the Rumanians do, we drank white wine mixed with soda, a good hot weather drink even if *steak & red* classicists will wince. We finished the meal with Turkish coffee which was of the same good quality as everything else. The bill for two, including the tip, came to IL37. (M.K.)

SUPERB FOOD

IN A WONDERFUL SETTING

Summer is here. The heat gets you down. At the end of the day, hot and bothered, you look for a way to relieve the strain and enjoy some quiet entertainment. And the question then arises — where?

In Yafo, not far from the famous clock, on the continuation of 52 Rehov Yefet, there is a charming spot which houses a very special exclusive restaurant. The fact that it is run by Chef Roger is recommendation enough for those who know a good thing.

The place is divided into rooms which make a cosy interior; the ceiling is made up of finely sculpted arches; the walls are decorated with ancient ornaments and beautiful paintings; the windows are draped with deep red velvet curtains which lend warmth and distinction, and the decor is enlivened by a profusion of tastefully arranged flowers.

The place is surrounded by a splendid terrace overlooking the sea. The open space is bordered by jasmin shrubs which spread a delightful scent over the candlelit tables.

After you have relaxed and feasted your eyes on the setting, you can pass on to the food. Chef Roger, who was gastronomic adviser to the Chaine des Rotisseurs and whose restaurant was awarded the Three Forks and the title of "outstanding restaurant," offers his guests the pick of French-Italian cuisine and Israeli specialities. For instance: first course — green pepper à la Nicoise, with tuna and mayonnaise; main course — stuffed veal with pine nuts; and for dessert — Charlotte pineapple mousse, or melon Haroun al Rashid with pistachio and strawberry cream. For those preferring lighter fare, there is a choice of delicious grills.

All the dishes are Chef Roger's personal creations, and they are served in attractive original arrangements.

Next time you go on the town, try something different: Chef Roger's restaurant "Sobich House," 52 Rehov Yefet, Yafo, Tel. 823149.

(Advt.)

Music

All events start at 8.30 p.m. unless stated otherwise.
THE ISRAEL FESTIVAL 1971

Jerusalem

"LUCA MARENZIO" — Sestetto Italiano in old music by Gastoldi, Vecchi and Rossi, and contemporary works by Stravinsky, Kodaly, Pizzetti, Petrassi and Bussotti — at Beit Ha'am: Sunday.

FIVE CHOIRS, SOLOISTS and SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA — in three important works — the Israel Broadcasting Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Willi Gohl, with Ursula Buckel, soprano; Verena Gohl, contralto; Eric Tappy, tenor; Kurt Widmer, baritone; Raffaele Arie, bass, and the choirs "Ihud," Israel; "Jysk Akademisk Koer" Denmark; Singkreis, Zurich, Switzerland; Schola Cantorum, Oxford, England; Uppsala Akademiska Kammarmoer, Sweden — Mordechai Seter: "Shabbat Cantata"; Beethoven: Mass in C Major; Frank Martin: "In Terra Pax"-Oratorio — at Binyanei Ha'ooma: Tuesday.

Tel Aviv

"LUCA MARENZIO" — Italian Madrigal Sextet — details as for Jerusalem — at Beit Hachayal: Monday.

FIVE CHOIRS, SOLOISTS and SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA — details as for Jerusalem — at Mann Auditorium: Wednesday.

Caesarea

FIVE CHOIRS, SOLOISTS and SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA — details as for Jerusalem — at Roman Theatre: Thursday.

Rehovot

"LUCA MARENZIO" — Italian Madrigal Sextet — *details as for Jerusalem* — at Wix Auditorium: Wednesday.

Ein Hashofet

"LUCA MARENZIO" — Italian Madrigal Sextet — details as for Jerusalem — at "Megiddo" Regional Concert Hall: Tuesday.

Ayelet Hashahar

"LUCA MARENZIO" — Italian Madrigal Sextet — details as for Jerusalem — Thursday.

Opera

The Israel National Opera presents: Joh. Strauss: "The Gypsy Baron", with Davrat, Baumwel, Bergel, Christoff, Gales, Karta, Admon, Herdan, Berkman, Bechar, Kahane (Sunday). Offenbach: "La Vie Parisienne", conductor Franklin Choset (Monday); Puccini: "Tosca", with Davrat, Bergel, Avella, Barry, Kabillo (in JERUSALEM — Wednesday).

At the Cinema

Jerusalem

DIARY OF A MAD HOUSEWIFE — Takes a look at the life of a married couple in one of New York's well-to-do sections in a film that is a mixture of realism and satire and that is amusing and somewhat sad too. Tina, the housewife (very good performance from a newcomer to the screen, Carrie Snodgress) is more fed-up than mad at having to cope with an over-ambitious, social-climbing husband who rarely stops nagging at her, two unpleasant children and piles of wash. And when she does take a lover for solace, he proves to be even more of a trial than the husband. No wonder poor Tina eventually turns to psychiatry for help. Richard Benjamin as the husband and Frank Langella as the lover are both good in their unsympathetic roles.

THE PRIEST'S WIFE — Sophia Loren plays a sexy nightclub singer who falls in love with a priest (Marcello Mastroianni). At first he resists her charms; then he succumbs, and sets out to obtain a special dispensation to marry her. But a stay in the Vatican makes him see matters in another light. Director Dino Risi can't make up his mind whether he is for or against the priest's marriage with a pop singer and his film does not make much of a contribution to the current controversy over the compulsory celibacy of Catholic priests. Mastroianni gives a rather passive performance but Sophia Loren looks lovely and is full of fire.

AZULAI THE POLICEMAN — Ephraim Kishon's latest film is packed with comic situations and amusing dialogue and in his policeman hero, extremely well acted by Shaike Ophir, he has created a quixotic sort of character who is lovable as well as laughable, completely different from those sly rogues Sallai and Ervinke. The cast has been well selected with Zaharira Harifai as Azulai's long suffering wife and Itzko Rachaminov as Sergeant Bejerano doing particularly well. Attractive colour photography by David Gurfinkel and tuneful music by Nurit Hirsch. Very entertaining.

Tel Aviv

SONG OF NORWAY — Romanticised biography of Edvard Grieg who actually lived a pretty uneventful life. Director Andrew Stone makes much of his fight for recognition and the help extended by a rich patroness but mainly concentrates on the Norwegian landscape so that the picture is very much of a musical travelogue with romps among the daffodils. Grieg is played by Norwegian actor Toralv Maurstad and among the notables he meets are Ibsen (Frederick Jaeger) for whom he arranges to write the Peer Gynt music, Liszt (Henry Gilbert) and Hans Christian Andersen (Richard Wordsworth), while Edward G. Robinson makes a brief appearance as a piano salesman. Grieg's music is jollied up to provide songs and dance numbers but the piano works are played by John Ogden who has appeared in Israel with the I.P.O. The film seems to be addressed to the "Sound of Music" audience.

MOURIR D'AIMER — Concerns a passionate love affair between a schoolmistress in her early thirties and a schoolboy of seventeen. Clearly inspired by the actual case of a French schoolteacher who fell in love with one of her pupils and was driven to suicide. Director Andre Cayatte takes the opportunity to attack the legal code which regards this kind of love as an indictable offence and treats a minor as an object and not as a human being. Good performances from Bruno Pradal *as the youth and* Francois Simon as his father with Annie Girardot giving an outstanding performance as the woman in the case.

TAKING OFF. — Czech director Milos Forman ("Loves of a Blonde," "The Firemen's Ball") takes his first look at the U.S.A. and comes up with a film *that is full of hilariously funny moments* but also of spleen. The basic theme is the flight of youngsters from home and the reaction of the parents, most of whom are united in a "Society for the Parents of Fugitive Children." Forman apparently thinks as little of the parents as he does of the youngsters. Excellent performances from Buck Henry and Lynn Carlin as *Mr.* and Mrs. Larry Tyne.

LEO THE LAST. — Film of mordant humour, a sort of political parable revolving round Leo the Last (Marcello Mastroianni), son of a deceased diplomat who comes to London to live in his father's former house, an opulent mansion surrounded by slums. *All* Leo wants to do is to study birds through his telescope but his hobby brings him close to the plight of his poor neighbours and in the end he leads a revolution against his own mansion. Cleverly directed by John Boorman with many rich visual and verbal effects. *Very good performance from* Mastroianni.

Haifa

LOVE STORY — Film version of the best-selling novel too well known to require a summary of the plot. An insufferably self-conscious performance from Ali McGraw as the heroine, straight and unanalytical acting from Ryan O'Neal as the hero; more professional depiction of the hero's misunderstood father by Ray Milland.

FIVE EASY PIECES — A first-class example of the new American film from which the Hollywood glamour has been removed and a mixture of sordidness and down-to-earth realism do not detract from the interest. The plot is simple. The hero (Jack Nicholson), from an educated middle class family, has drifted away in search of he knows not what, gets a job as a workman and takes up with a goodhearted but totally uneducated and tactless girl (Karen Black). Constantly irritated by her he is finally disillusioned on their joint visit to his family. The treatment and direction are excellent.

Tel Aviv Cinemas

Commencing Sunday, August 1, at 7.15 p.m. and 9.30 p.m.
Weekdays at 4.30 p.m. — 7.15 p.m. — 9.30 p.m.
See times of performance of individual cinemas

ALLENBY Tel. 57820
3rd week
RICHARD BURTON
Raid on Rommel
Sun. 7.30—9.30
Weekdays 4.30—7.15—9.30

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BEACH SABRAS
Israeli film in colour
Sun., 7.30, 9.30

BEN YEHUDA Tel. 228400
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7.15 — 9.30
a British Comedy of our times

Matinee at 4: "Tales of Beatrix Potter"

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2 shows daily at 7—9.30

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KHILONA
MUMTAZ
GITANDRA
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CHARLES BRONSON
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ON BEHALF OF THE FRIENDS
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Weekdays: 4.30, 7.15, 9.30
FOR ADULTS ONLY

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3rd week
A NIGHT IN CASABLANCA

Those fantastic Marx Bros. will make you laugh, laugh, laugh!
A Forum Release
For the whole family
4.30—7.15—9.30

GORDON Tel. 244366
5th week
Sun.: 7.15 — 9.30
Weekdays: 4.30 — 7.15 — 9.30
Andre Cayatte's film
mourir d'aimer
ANNIE GIRARDOT
BRUNO PRADAL
Based on a true love affair between teacher and pupil

HOD Tel. 226226
5th week
SHAIKE OPHIR
in
Ephraim Kishon's film
Azulai the Policeman
4.30 — 7.30 — 9.30

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3rd week
Edgar Allan Poe
THE RAVEN
4.30, 7.30—9.30

MOGRABI Tel. 58831
Second week
4.30, 7.15, 9.30
FISHKE IN THE ARMY
The Israeli comedy with
GABI AMRANI
MOSHE SOLO

OPHIR Tel. 613321
Second week
YUL BRYNNER
DEAN REED
ADIOS SABATA
4.30, 7.15, 9.30

ORION Tel. 624025
14th week
BARBARA HERSHEY
The Baby Maker
7.30—9.30
Matinees: 3.30, 5.30
2nd week
Shirley Temple
LITTLE PRINCESS

PARIS Tel. 236005
4th week
LEO THE LAST
with
Marcello Mastroianni
Evening only

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4th week
7.30 — 9.30
BUCK HENRY
LYNN CARLIN

Adults only — 7.30 — 9.30
Special Reviewers' Prize — Cannes Festival

Jerusalem Cinemas

Commencing Sunday, August 1, at 7.00 p.m. and 9.00 p.m.
Weekdays: 4.00, 7.00 and 9.00 p.m.

ARNON Tel. 26391
2nd Week
ARTUR RUBINSTEIN
in
L'amour de la vie
Colour

CHEN Tel. 22955
Starting Fri. 3 p.m.
David Hemmings
in
THE LONG DAYS DYING
4—7—9

EDEN Tel. 23829
5th Week
AZULAI THE POLICEMAN
with
SHAIKE OPHIR
Directed by
EPHRAIM KISHON

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Starting Fri. 3 p.m.
Weekdays 4—7—9
The best in the Western tradition
KILLER KID
with
Antony Steven
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PAUL SMITH
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in the amusing film
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No comp. tickets — colour

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Elizabeth Taylor
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in
THE ONLY GAME IN TOWN
7—9.15

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SOPHIA LOREN
MARCELLO MASTROIANNI
in a Carlo Ponti production
THE PRIEST'S WIFE
Technicolor

ORNA Tel. 24733
Godfrey Cambridge
Estelle Parsons
in
Watermelon Man
For adults only. In color.

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2nd Week
RICHARD BENJAMIN
CARRIE SNODGRASS
in
Diary of a Mad Housewife

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2nd Week
BARBRA STREISAND
WALTHER MATTHEAU
in
HELLO DOLLY
6.45 — 9.15

Tel Aviv Cinemas

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11th week
Barbra Streisand
George Segal
in an outstanding comedy
The Owl & The Pussycat
Adults only, 7.30, 9.30
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ODED KOTLER
Every Bastard — A King
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Start the Revolution Without Me
DONALD SUTHERLAND
Sun. 7.30—9.30
Weekdays 5.30—7.30—9.30

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Everything you've heard about Myra Breckinridge is true
MYRA BRECKINRIDGE
RAQUEL WELCH
JOHN HUSTON
Adults only
Fri., 2; Sun., 7.15 9.30
Weekdays, 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

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70 mm. stereophonic sound
Sun. at 8.30
Daily at 4.30—8.30

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ISRAEL PREMIERE
The great parade of
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Louis Armstrong
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in
Disneyland After Dark
and all the animated heroes of Walt Disney
A Forum Film
in Technicolor
Performances 3.30, 5.30, 7.30

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In colour — Adults only
Continuous from 9.30—5.30
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SHALOM Tel. 917480
2nd week
Sun., 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays, 4, 7.15, 9.30
(except Monday 4, 7 only)
FISHKE IN THE ARMY
The Israeli comedy with
GABI AMRANI
MOSHE SOLO

Haifa Cinemas

Commencing Sunday, August 1, at 6.45 p.m. and 9 p.m.
Daily at 6.45 and 9.00 p.m. — Matinee at 4.00 p.m.

AMPHITHEATRE Tel. 64018
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2nd Week
SOLDIER BLUE
starring
CANDICE BERGEN
PETER STRAUSS
FOR ADULTS ONLY

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Hall ventilated
Erich Segal's
No. One best-seller of the year
LOVE STORY
Starring
ALI MACGRAW and
RYAN O'NEAL
In Colour
No complimentary tickets

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The greatest success of the year
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The Baby Maker
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BARBARA HERSHEY
FOR ADULTS ONLY
Perfs. at 6.45 — 9
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The Prince And The Pauper

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Jean Luc Godard's
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UNE FEMME MARIEE
starring
MACHA MERIL
PHILIPPE LEROY
BERNARD NOEL
On Tues., Thurs., only

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The Mickey Mouse Anniversary Show
a Forum film in Technicolor
Perfs. Sun. at 6.45, 9.00
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MAY Tel. 62856
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A very interesting film
Starring
Diana Shredan
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Perfs. at 4, 6.45, 9.

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From Friday six nonstop perfs.
Action violence suspense in
No Graves on Boot Hill
Starring
Craig Hill and Ken Wood
in Technicolor

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Erica Remberg,
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in a beautiful musical
Wien Du Stadt Meiner Traume
German speaking
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Airconditioned
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Ephraim Kishon
presents his latest
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Azulai the Policeman
Starring SHAIKE OPHIR
In colour
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Peter Lee Lorenz and
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in an outstanding
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In Technicolor
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Two nightly perfs.
an outstanding production
MASTER OF THE ISLANDS
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United Artist Release
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Sat. at 4 p.m. daily
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After ten successful weeks
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in 1971
FIVE EASY PIECES
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JACK NICHOLSON
KAREN BLACK
For adults only — in colour
No compl. tickets

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Alistair MacLean,
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WHEN EIGHT BELLS TOLL
Starring
ANTHONY HOPKINS
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in Technicolor

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From Sunday only two
perfs. daily at 6.45, 9.00
Raquel Welch and
James Stacy in
FLAREUP
In colour

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Carvin Mathius
competes with James Bond
in the tension film
THE VISCOUNT
in colour, adults only
7.15, 9.30
Matinee at 4:
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2nd week
7.15, 9.30
A Frankovich Production
DOCTORS' WIVES
DYAN CANNON
RICHARD CRENNA
GENE HACKMAN
CARROLL O'CONNOR

OASIS
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JANE EYRE
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SUZANNAH YORK
In colour — 7.15, 9.30
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RAMA Tel. 721912
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Greek film for the whole family
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They Shoot Horses Don't They?
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SUSANNAH YORK
MICHAEL SARRAZIN
in colour, adults only,
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7.15, 9.30
He could beat any white man in the world. He just couldn't beat all of them
THE GREAT WHITE HOPE
JAMES EARL JONES
JANE ALEXANDER
Cinemascope — Colour
Matinee at 4:
FIRE CREEK
James Steward
Henry Fonda
in colour

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Django

blending east and west

in a

kaleidoscope of music and food

opening this coming week

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THIS WEEK AT THE ISRAEL FESTIVAL

July 30 — August 5

SESTETTO ITALIANO "LUCA MARENZIO"

Returning after their success at the 1964 and 1967 Israel Festivals

LILIANA ROSSI, soprano
EZIO DI CESARE, counter tenor
GIACOMO CARMI, baritone
GIANNA LOGUE, soprano
GUIDO BALDI, tenor
PIERO CAVALLI, bass and conductor

PROGRAMME:
Madrigals and ballads by Vecchi, Gastoldi and Rossi
Contemporary songs by Stravinsky, Kodaly, Pizetti and Bussotti

JERUSALEM — August 1 — Beit Ha'am — 8.30 p.m.
TEL AVIV — August 2 — Beit Hahayal — 8.30 p.m.

THE ISRAEL BROADCASTING SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Conductor: WILLI GOHL
Soloists: Ursula Bückel, soprano
Eric Tappy, tenor
Raffaele Arie, bass
Verena Gohl, contralto
Kurt Widmer, baritone

Choirs: (240 singers)
The "Ihud" choir (Israel) — Conductors: Avner Itai and Yael Tabori
Jysk Akademisk Kör (Denmark) — Conductor: Walter Börner
Singkreis Zurich (Switzerland) — Conductor: Willi Gohl
Schola Cantorum of Oxford (England) — Conductor: Andrew Parrott
Uppsala Akademiska Kammarkör (Sweden) —
Conductor: Dan Olof Stenlund

MORDECHAI SETER — Shabbat Cantata
L. V. BEETHOVEN — Mass in C major
FRANK MARTIN — "In Terra Pax"

JERUSALEM — August 3 — Binyenei Ha'ooma — 8.30 p.m.
TEL AVIV — August 4 — Mann Auditorium — 8.30 p.m.
CAESAREA — August 5 — The Roman Theatre — 8.30 p.m.

Transportation to Caesarea by "Egged Tours"

THE ISRAEL FESTIVAL 1971

FESTIVAL VISITORS TO CAESAREA:

Come Early Stay Late

AND ENJOY THE WONDERFUL RECREATIONAL FACILITIES IN CAESAREA'S ANCIENT ROMAN PORT AREA.

★ THE STRATON AND CHEZ CESAR RESTAURANTS
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WHAT'S ON

Plant a Tree in Israel
With your Own Hands!
Free tours for planters to the Hills of Judea leave every Monday and Wednesday from Jerusalem and every Tuesday from Tel Aviv. For details and registration please call Visitors Department, Keren Kayemet Leisrael (Jewish National Fund): In Jerusalem — Rehov King George, corner Rehov Keren Kayemet, Tel. 35261! In Tel Aviv — 96 Rehov Hayarkon, opp. Dan Hotel, Tel. 234449.

— ALL WEEK IN JERUSALEM —

• **Israel Museum:** —
Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs., 10 a.m.-6 p.m.; Tues., Shrine of the Book, 10 a.m.-10 p.m.; Tues., Museum, 4 p.m.-10 p.m.; Fri., Sat., 10 a.m.-2 p.m.

• **Conducted Tours:** —

HADASSAH TOURS
1) Morning Tour (except Saturdays and Holidays) of all Hadassah projects in Jerusalem starts at 8.30 a.m. from Strauss Health Centre, 24 Rehov Strauss, IL7 or $2 per person towards transportation and refreshments.
2) Medical Centre Only, includes visit to Chagall windows, exclusive Audio-Visual Presentation of the "Hadassah Story" at 9.30 a.m., 11 a.m., 12.15 p.m. and 3 p.m., Kennedy Tourist and Information Centre, Medical Centre. No charge. Bus 19 and 27. For further information: Tel. 36333, Jerusalem No tours of Hadassah on Sunday, August 1 due to Tisha B'Av.

Boys Town Jerusalem — (Kiryat Noar), Bayit Vegan. Daily tours (except Shabbat). Tel. 33212.
Hebrew University, Conducted tours in English weekdays at 9 and 11 p.m., starting from the lobby of the Administration Building and at 9.30 a.m. from the Truman Research Institute at the Mount Scopus campus.
Tourists and visitors come and see the General Israel Orphans' Home of Girls, *Jerusalem, and its manifold activities and impressive modern building.* Free guided tours weekdays between 10-4. Bus No. 6, Kiryat Moshe, Tel. 33424.
• **New Israel Films:** —
Latest Israel films screened weekdays at 12 noon at Keren Hayesod Hall, Jewish Agency Building, Jerusalem. Admission free.

Jerusalem Biblical Zoo, Schneller Wood, Romema, Tel. 25829, 7.30 a.m.—6.30 p.m.
ALYN ORTHOPAEDIC HOSPITAL and *Rehabilitation Centre for Children*, Rehov Olswanger, Kiryat Hayovel, Tel. 67136.
"A Stone in David's Tower" — Sound and Light show in Jerusalem. Text: Yehuda Haezrahi. Directed by Pierre Arnaud and Arnon Adar. Music: Noam Sheriff. Eevery evening except Friday and eve of holidays in the Citadel (David's Tower) near Jaffa Gate. 7.30 p.m. in Hebrew; 8.45 p.m. in English; 10 p.m. added show in English on Mon., Tues., Wed., and Sat. evenings; 10 p.m. in French, on Sun. and Thurs. evenings only. Tickets: Jerusalem agencies and Citadel evening box office. Please come dressed warmly.

— TEL AVIV —

THE TEL AVIV MUSEUM, Sderot Shaul Hamelech: INAUGURAL EXHIBITIONS; 1) Israel Modern Art; 2) French Tapestries; 3) Selection from the collections of the Museum. 4) Art and Science. Visiting hours: Sun.-Thurs., 10-1, 4-8, except Tues. 10-1, 4-10 Fri. 10-2; Sat. 7-11 p.m.
Helena Rubinstein Pavilion, 6 Tarsat Street: 1) French Tapestries, 2) Sculptures from the Museum's collections. Visiting hours: Weekdays: 10-1, 4-7, Fri. : 10-1, Sat. : 7-11.
Beit Dizengoff, 16 Rothschild Blvd. : 1) Selection from the Museum's collections, 2) Children's works. Visiting hours: Weekdays: 10-1, 4-7, Fri. and Sat. : 10-1
Museum Ha'aretz: Ramat Aviv, (1) Glass Museum: (2) Kadman Numismatic Museum: (3) Ceramics Museum: (4) Museum of Ethnography and Folklore: (5) Museum of Science and Technology: (6) Tel Quasile Excavation. Wed. — 10 a.m.-8 p.m., Sun., Mon., Tues., Thurs. 10 a.m.-5 p.m.; Fri., 10 a.m.-1 p.m.
26 Rehov Bialik: (7) Museum for the History of Tel Aviv: (8) Alphabet Museum; Sun. through Thurs. — 9 a.m.-5 p.m., Fri. — 9 a.m.-1 p.m. Sat. — closed.
10 Mifratz Shlomo, Yafo: (9) Museum of Antiquities of Tel Aviv-Yafo: Sun., Mon., Tues. 10 a.m.-5 p.m., Fri. 10 a.m.-1 p.m.
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Mizrachi Women's Organizations of America and Canada, 16-18 Rehov Dov Hoz, Tel Aviv, call Tel. 220187, 243106; Jerusalem. 22616, 521608, 27456 (answering service) Haifa, 61528; Beersheba, 3171. **Wizo Club**, 116 Rehov Hayarkon, Tel. 232930, 8 a.m.-2 p.m.
Hadassah Club, 80 Rehov Hayarkon, Tel. 56039.
Women's League for Israel, 37 King George, Tel Aviv. Conducted tours of the Homes please call: Tel Aviv — 249189; Jerusalem — 39840; Haifa — 63776; Netanya — 23564.

— HAIFA —

• **Exhibitions:** —
Artists House, 24 U.N.O. Ave. Paintings by Haifa and the North artists, art gallery. Open daily, 4-7, except Fri., Sat., 10-2.
Hadassah Club, Youth Aliya office, 209 Rehov Hameginim, Tel. 42461, 84878.
Goldman Art Gallery, 93 Sderot Hanassi, exhibition of oils by Nissan Engel, native of Haifa. Hours: 10-1, 4-7, 7-10, Sat. 6-9.30.
Balfour Cellar — Kosher Restaurant and Dairy Bar. Caters to everybody's taste and pocket-book, 3 Rehov Balfour.

— REHOVOT —

Weizmann Institute of Science, conducted tours, Sun. to Thurs. 11 a.m. and 2.30 p.m.; Fri., 10.30 a.m. only: starting from the lobby of the Charles Clore International House.
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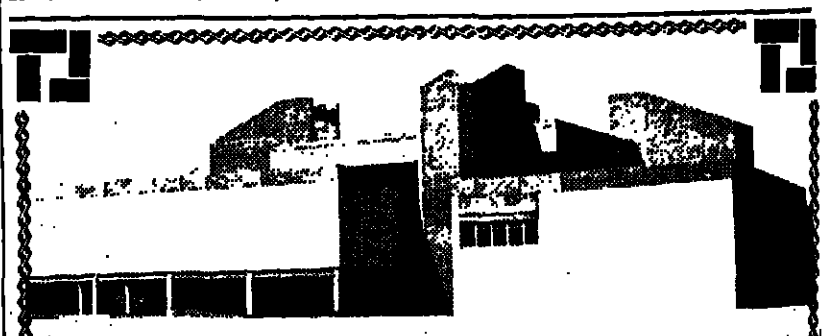

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Tuesday	10—1, 4—10 p.m.
Friday	10 a.m.—2 p.m.
Saturday	7—11 p.m.
Guided Tours (English) at	11 a.m.

Helena Rubinstein Pavilion
6 REHOV TARSAT
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★ Sculptures from the Museum Collections

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Friday: 10 a.m.- 1 p.m.
Saturday: 7 p.m.-11 p.m.

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Text: Yehuda Haezrahi. Directed by Pierre Arnaud and Arnon Adar. Music: Noam Sheriff.
Every evening except Friday and eve of Holidays in the Citadel (David's Tower) near Jaffa Gate.
7.30 p.m. in Hebrew; 8.45 p.m. in English; 10 p.m. added show in English on Mon., Tues., Wed. and Sat. evenings; 10 p.m. in French on Sun. and Thurs. evenings only.
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Tues., Aug. 31
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Mon., Aug. 9
GIVAT OLGA,
Wed., Aug. 11
CAMERI THEATRE
MEDEA
HAIFA,
Tues., Aug. 3
Wed., Aug. 4
Thurs., Aug. 5
Guest performance from abroad
THE OPEN THEATRE
HAIFA,
Thurs., Aug. 26
Sat., Aug. 28
SOON
THE SUICIDE
Comedy
by Nicolai Ardman
Direction: Joseph Milo

The Cameri Theatre
MEDEA
YAGUR,
Mon., Aug. 2
HAIFA,
Tues., Aug. 3
Wed., Aug. 4
Thurs., Aug. 5
YIFAT,
Sun., Aug. 8
Mon., Aug. 9
TEL AVIV,
Tues., Aug. 10
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Wed., Aug. 4
Thurs., Aug. 5
Sat., Aug. 7
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ASHDOD,
Mon., Aug. 2
NA'AN,
Tues., Aug. 3
STRINDBERG WITHOUT TEARS
by F. Durrenmatt
TEL AVIV,
Sun., Aug. 1
Mon., Aug. 2

Habimah
THE ROSE TATTOO
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Large Hall
Sun., Aug. 1, 8.30
Wed., Aug. 4, 8.30
Thurs., Aug. 5, 8.30
Sat., Aug. 7, 8.30
COLOMBE
Comedy
TEL AVIV,
Large Hall
Mon., Aug. 2, 8.30
Tues., Aug. 3, 8.30
Sun., Aug. 8, 8.30
RELATIVELY SPEAKING
Comedy
TEL AVIV,
Small Hall
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Tues. Aug. 3, 8.30
Wed., Aug. 4, 8.30
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Tuesday, August 17

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THIS WEEK AT THE MUSEUM

Tuesday, August 3
5.30 p.m.
Opening of 2 Exhibitions
On the occasion of Jacques Lipchitz' 80th birthday
1. "Jacques Lipchitz at 80" — sculptures and drawings
2. Dedication of the pavilion housing the Lipchitz collection — 130 bronze maquettes, donated by his brother Reuven Lipchitz
In the presence of the artist and donor, (Ida Crown Plaza)
Members of the Association of Friends of the Israel Museum are cordially invited

Tuesday, August 3
6 and 8.30 p.m.
Art Film Club
"Tokyo Olympiad" (Japan, 1964)
Kon Ichikawa's extraordinary reportage of the Olympic games in Tokyo.
In colour (English spoken)
Hebrew translation only
Tickets at Museum box office and "Le'an Ha'erev"

Exhibitions
Jacques Lipchitz at 80 — 100 sculptures and drawings (Ida Crown Plaza and Spertus Hall), from 3.8.71
130 bronze maquettes by Jacques Lipchitz (Billy Rose Pavilion), from 3.8.71
Albrecht Dürer: woodcuts and engravings (Cohen Hall)
Contemporary Japanese Prints (Library)
Picasso ceramics (Schwartz-Goldman Hall)
Early Mediterranean and Near-Eastern Cultures (Bronfman)
Athens — Its Golden Age (Youth Wing)

Special Exhibit
Early Greek and Italian Painted Vases

Special Exhibit at Rockefeller
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هكذا من الأصل

THE CLAY-WRITERS

"ANCIENT Near Eastern Texts," or "ANET" as it is affectionately known (pronounced "a net" with the accent on "a") and to a lesser extent its companion volume of illustrations, "The Ancient Near East in Pictures," abbreviated "ANEP" (pronounced on the same principle as above), has been the *vade mecum* of students, scholars and laymen alike, for the past 20 years. Just a century has passed since Eberhard Schrader, the father of German Assyriology, published the forerunner of "ANET," "Die Keilinschriften und das alte Testament." From then until 1950 several volumes of translations of Egyptian and other materials appeared in English, French and German. However, since the appearance in that year of the first edition of "ANET," the reader of English has had at his disposal the best collection so far of translations of ancient Near Eastern sources in any language. Subsequent editions have seen "ANET" improved and expanded so that now, in its third edition, it extends to nearly 700 closely printed double-columned pages of annotated translations. The volume of plates has more than 880 photographs, drawings and maps with detailed descriptions and notes. The translators and annotators are all American or Canadian scholars.

ANCIENT NEAR EASTERN TEXTS RELATING TO THE OLD TESTAMENT, third edition, **THE ANCIENT NEAR EAST IN PICTURES,** second edition with supplement. Princeton University Press. $30 each, $50 the set.

Reviewed by
Aaron Shaffer

Creative variety

The selection of texts demonstrates the creative variety of ancient writing: myths and epics, legal texts, historical texts, rituals, incantations, descriptions of festivals, hymns and prayers, didactic and wisdom tracts, lamentations, songs, letters and others, from almost as many languages: Sumerian, Akkadian, Egyptian, Hittite, Ugaritic, Canaanite dialects, Aramaic and South Arabic. The original intention was, as the title implies, to provide translations of materials from the literatures of the ancient Near East in so far as these texts would illustrate the Bible. The result, however, is a corpus whose spectrum is broader and more variegated. One has here as representative a collection of ancient Near Eastern texts as can be contained in a single volume, even one of this size.

As recently as 150 years ago the material in "ANET" was completely unknown. The bulk, in fact — especially the Sumerian, Akkadian, Hittite and Ugaritic texts — has come to light within the lifetime of many of us. Virtually the only work of literature to survive the end of the ancient Near East was the Bible. Knowledge of ancient Egypt and Western Asia was restricted to the biblical narratives and the scattered references in classical literature. Even the name "Sumer" had disappeared, though it is perhaps to be found, somewhat disguised, as Shinnar שנער in Genesis 10:10, etc.

How did all this material survive? The Bible has come down to us because it is the sacred book of a living religion; but other, less sanctified, works were lost. This Bible itself mentions some — "The Book of the Wars of the Kings of Judah and Israel," among others, not to speak of hundreds of years of scribblings of everyday life, letters and documents, as well as the unwritten (or written?) traditions of folklore, the art of the minstrels, the songs of poets and bards.

The majority of texts in "ANET" are Egyptian or one of the cuneiform languages. This is due to incidental factors. In the case of Egypt, the climate has been extraordinarily kind to papyrus which was the usual writing material. In the centres of cuneiform culture — Mesopotamia, Anatolia, Elam, Persia and Ugarit — it is simply the great durability of baked clay, especially kiln-fired tablets, which has preserved the written word, where all other materials, wood, papyrus and parchment have long since rotted.

Basic, banal fact

"They Wrote on Clay" was the title given to a popular work on Mesopotamian civilization by the American Assyriologist Edward Chiera a generation ago. This is indeed the basic, if banal, fact upon which all our knowledge of these cultures rests. In a flight of fancy, Chiera foresaw that the archaeologists of some future time would find precious little that was written when they came to excavate Western civilization. All books, newspapers and journals on perishable paper will have disappeared. Only the occasional stone inscription or the rare find of the intact enamel from street signs — if it were carefully lifted from the powdered core — would testify to literacy. These future scholars would be faced with the apparent paradox of a culture with high material achievements but with little to show for intellectual creativity. But then their researches would ultimately lead them back to the soil of Mesopotamia where hundreds of thousands of tablets still lay in the ground. They would accomplish the miracle of decipherment once again and read the great epics, savour anew the poetry and songs, and conclude that here man had indeed reached his highest intellectual attainments!

Another question must be asked, though the answer may not be forthcoming: for whom was all this intended? One may assume that letters were communicated to the addressee. Not *read* by him, or very rarely so, since to read a complicated script such as Akkadian cuneiform, a system involving hundreds of signs used logographically and syllabically at the same time, required many years of training and was the monopoly of scribes, but *heard* by him. And this is what the recipient usually says in his reply: "I have *heard* the letter which you sent me." When Hammurapi says in the epilogue to his Laws:

"Let any oppressed man who has a cause come...and then read carefully my inscribed stela, and give heed to my precious words,

(Continued on next page)

The transitoriness of all things

DO we build a house for ever?
Do we seal (contracts) for ever?
Do brothers divide shares for ever?
Does hatred persist for ever in (the land)?
Does the river for ever raise up (and) bring on floods?
The dragon-fly (leaves) (its) shell
That its face might (but) glance at the face of the sun.
Since the days of yore there has been no permanence;
The resting and the dead, how alike they are!
Do they not compose a picture of death,
The commoner and the noble,
Once they are near to (their fate)?
The Anunnaki, the great gods, foregather;
Mammetum, maker of fate, with them the fate decrees:
Death and life they determine.
(But) of death, its days are not revealed.

From "Epic of Gilgamesh," Tablet X, "ANET," pp. 73-99, translated by E. A. Speiser.

MOSHE GAT
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Why Jerusalem was destroyed

JERUSALEM was destroyed for no other reason than that people were constantly taking each other to court; they insisted on court litigation and the letter of the law instead of settling matters peacefully by compromise.

Talmud Tractate Bava Metzia 30b

RABBI Pinhas ben Ya'ir says: Since the destruction of the Temple, the devout and the upright are in low esteem, men of good works have decreased, the bullies and loudmouths prevail, and nobody cares about his fellow's well-being ...

Rabbi Eliezer Hagadol says: Since the destruction of the Temple, the Sages have become like elementary school teachers, the elementary school teachers like synagogue sextons, the sextons like the ignorant masses, the masses have been dwindling, and nobody cares ...

Just before the coming of the Messiah presumptuousness will increase, inflation will run wild, there will be grapes aplenty but wine will be expensive, the state will fall into heresy and there will be nobody to offer criticism. The schools will turn into whorehouses ... Learning will be despised, those who shun sin will be scorned, and the truth will nowhere be found. The youth will humiliate the elders, and the elders will rise before the children, "for the son curses the father, the daughter defies her mother, the daughter-in-law her mother-in-law, a man's enemies are the people of his own household" (Micah 7:6). The generation has a doggish look, sons are not ashamed before their fathers ...

Mishna Sota 9:15

BEFORE you go burrowing around for Jerusalem's shortcomings, go count your mother's shortcomings.

Talmud Tractate Megilla 28b

BOOKS IN REVIEW
Pages 22-26
Edited by Moshe Kohn

The Siege of Jerusalem

The Sennacherib Prism, recently acquired by the Israel Museum in a manner that cannot yet be revealed. This six-sided prism, dating from 691 B.C.E., contains the final edition of the Assyrian ruler's annals, including his account (see translation below) of his campaign in Eretz Yisrael and his mysteriously interrupted siege of Jerusalem in the time of Hezekiah King of Judah. For the biblical references to this campaign, see II Kings 18:13—19:34, II Chronicles 32:1—22, and Isaiah 36:1—37:38.

(Photo by Radovan, courtesy of the Israel Museum)

AS to Hezekiah, the Jew (Ya'udayyu), he did not submit to my yoke, I laid siege to 46 of his strong cities, walled forts and to the countless small villages in their vicinity, and conquered (them) by means of well-stamped (earth-)ramps, and battering-rams brought (thus) near (to the walls) (combined with) the attack by foot soldiers, (using) mines, breeches as well as sapper work. I drove out (of them) 200,150 people, young and old, male and female, horses, mules, donkeys, camels, big and small cattle beyond counting, and considered (them) booty. Himself I made a prisoner in Jerusalem, his royal residence, like a bird in a cage. I surrounded him with earthwork in order to molest those who were leaving his city's gate. His towns which I had plundered, I took away from his country and gave them (over) to Mitinti, king of Ashdod, Padi, king of Ekron, and Sillibel, king of Gaza. Thus I reduced his country, but I still increased the tribute and the presents (due) to me (as his) overlord which I imposed (later) upon him beyond the former tribute, to be delivered annually. Hezekiah himself, whom the terror-inspiring splendor of my lordship had overwhelmed and whose irregular and elite troops which he had brought into Jerusalem, his royal residence, in order to strengthen (it), had deserted him, did send me, later, to Nineveh, my lordly city, together with 30 talents of gold, 800 talents of silver, precious stones, antimony, large cuts of red stone, couches (inlaid) with ivory, chairs (inlaid) with ivory, elephant-hides, ebony-wood, box-wood (and) all kinds of valuable treasures, his (own) daughters, concubines, male and female musicians. In order to deliver the tribute and to do obeisance as a slave he sent his (personal) messenger.

From "ANET," pp. 288-288, translated by A.L. Oppenheim.

Jerusalem in 2148

By Max Bodenheimer

DR. Max Isidore Bodenheimer was born in Stuttgart, Germany, in 1865. He studied law and practised in Cologne, where he lived until 1938. In 1934 he moved to Holland, and the following year he came to Eretz Yisrael, where he died in 1940.

In 1891 he published a brochure, "Syria and Palestine as a place of refuge for Russian Jews." The brochure appeared in 55,500 copies five years before Theodor Herzl published his "Jewish State."

Bodenheimer was active in the Hovevei Zion movement before he joined Herzl and became his intimate friend. In 1898 he accompanied Herzl to Constantinople and to Eretz Yisrael, where he was one of the Zionist delegation received by Kaiser Wilhelm II in Jerusalem.

Bodenheimer was President of the Jewish National Fund from 1904 to 1914. He was the founder of the Zionist Organization in Germany, one of the organizers of the First Zionist Congress in Basle and he drew up the statutes of the Jewish National Fund. He was a member of the Zionist Organization's Actions Committee from its establishment until 1920.

We publish here "Jerusalem in 2148", an extract from Bodenheimer's hitherto unpublished "Siegfried in Palestine: A Fantastic Tale," made available to us by his daughter, Miss Hannah Bodenheimer of Jerusalem. The translation from the German is by Ernie Meyer.

MAX BODENHEIMER

A CAR took them to the Jaffa Gate. From there a narrow street led to the Temple compound. This street was intersected by an avenue leading from the Zion to the Damascus Gate, which had been widened to allow for the tremendous traffic. As far as developments permitted the architectural style of the Old City had been preserved. Houses facing the street were built on pillars, forming a shaded arcade for the use of pedestrians. The avenue was closed to vehicular traffic because in many places it incorporated stairs. Only horses and donkeys, carrying riders or burdens, could be seen moving up and down the avenue. The animals were brightly decked out in time-honoured fashion and this gave the street a colourful and gay atmosphere. But there was even concern for the protection of the animals from the burning rays of the sun. Striped and coloured awnings spanned the width of the avenue, suspended from hooks in the walls of the houses. Today everything was in flux. It was just before Rosh Hashana and the 200th anniversary celebrations of the rebirth of the Jewish nation.

A stream of visitors from all parts of the globe had been pouring into Palestine for weeks. Among the many festivities planned was also a procession through the city to the Temple compound, in which the Jews of all periods and all countries were to show themselves in their various costumes. All streets were already profusely decorated with flags. Triumphal arches had been erected and garlanded with olive and palm branches. Roses of all kinds spread a delightful fragrance. The flags of many nations and the Oriental carpets suspended from window sills added to the colourfulness of the street scene.

Through openings between awnings the azure sky sparkled and the brilliant sun cast stripes of gold on the streets and the colourful throngs. Apart from Western dress the entire range of Oriental garb could be observed. Everybody placed great value on the maintenance of folk tradition and each group eagerly wore its special garb, as seemed only natural on such an important, historic occasion.

For years now the Old City no longer contained residential buildings. Apart from shops, bazaars and office buildings there were only public buildings. There was the City Hall with its high tower ending in a flat roof, which seemed like nothing but a memorial of Pharaonic times, the Government Palace, the Parliament, synagogues, churches and monasteries.

The vicinity of all these buildings had undergone a suitable transformation. The ugly slums of earlier times, tenements and filthy hovels had disappeared. Instead of the neglected hodge-podge of buildings dating from Turkish times, the old Jewish patrician houses and palaces had been rebuilt and now served as libraries and museums.

The Temple compound, in which they had great trouble pushing through the teeming throng, was a sight of unforgettable beauty. Like a wondrous blue flower the Mosque of Omar with its octagon and shining cupola appeared to the left. To the right the tower before the Temple rose heavenward as if in a mighty outcry to God. Turnings seemed around the shining pillars and the metal Sea. Out of the mouths of 12 fountains shaped like oxen, water poured incessantly into a trough ringing the area. The people attributed special healing powers to this water.

The second plaza was surrounded by a pillared structure. The upper storeys housed a collection of antiquities. Nobody would have thought that the soil of Palestine still contained such a wealth of historical treasure. These excavations proved, however, that the world had erred in denying the Jewish People an aptitude for the plastic arts.

At this moment Siegfried was far too anxious to get to the Chamber of the Priests to dawdle over aesthetic attractions closer by. A large crowd streamed through the Golden Gate, which had been reopened since the establishment of the Jewish State. A magnificent tree-lined avenue led to it through the valley from the garden suburb of Shiloah. Before they proceeded, however, Reubeni pushed Siegfried to a stone staircase leading to a platform. What a magnificent view opened up before him. Never before had Siegfried seen a city panorama of such loveliness.

The entire region seemed to be built up with villas, which covered the slopes of the mountain. Towers and cupolas surmounted the Mount of Olives which was dominated by the League of Nations Palace. Near the bottom of the valley one could discern the Tomb of Absalom, the Tombs of the Judges and other burial places, which had been piously restored and which stretched up in a park of mighty cedars and cypresses towards the Russian Tower.

As far as the eye could range the sea of houses stretched between valleys and hills, all looking like one gigantic garden. Siegfried recalled the description of ancient Jerusalem by Josephus. The hundreds of towers in the walls housed places of relaxation, where people drank wine in merry company while gazing down on the rose gardens roundabout, and passed the evenings basking in the cool of the majestic star-studded sky.

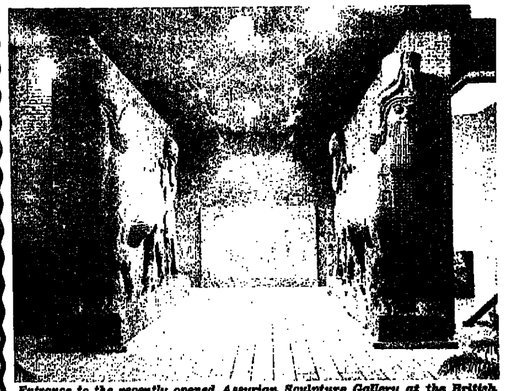
YOM KIPPUR

ON Yom Kippur Eive they made for the Jaffa Gate. An eager throng kneaded its way through the streets. Suddenly the crowd parted. They followed the teeming mass to the right through an arcade of imposing buildings. A multitudinous hum became increasingly audible. At the end of the arcade there was an astounding view: a teeming multitude filling a broad plaza stretching before a wall of giant stone blocks — the Walling Wall.

One might have thought that the custom of mourning the destructon of the Temple at this spot would have been abandoned after the Jewish People regained its liberty and its sanctuary had been rebuilt. But a tradition of thousands of years does not die easily, even when its origin and meaning have long been forgotten. Everybody burdened with a problem hopes that his prayer will be heard at the spot where hundreds of generations have lifted their voice to God.

Opposite the Wall a pillared hall had been built, which was surmounted by 12 cupolas, one for each of the Tribes of Israel. There worshippers could find shelter from the burning sun or from the rain. To the right of the Walling Wall stretched a well-kept park. It had been a waste area, from which archaeologists had unearthed valuable antiquities. The transformatoon of this memorable area had been made possible through a great monetary gift which rich Jews had made to the Moslem authorities who owned the surrounding hovels and worthless buildings.

The time was long past now when it was necessary to find one's way to the Wall through filthy alleys and lanes. Instead of the beggars, degraded by their individual and their people's misery, one now saw worshippers, men and women, proud, self-confident and strong enough to brave the storms of life...



Entrance to the recently opened Assyrian Sculpture Gallery at the British Museum, London. Colossal winged bull with human head, with divine being in the rear — protective genies from the 8th century B.C.E. palace of the Assyrian King Sargon at Khorsabad. (Photo courtesy of Dr. R. D. Barnett, Keeper of the British Museum's Western Asiatic Antiquities Department.)

THE GOOD LIFE

Gilgamesh, whither rovest thou?
The life thou pursuest thou shalt not find.
When the gods created mankind,
Death for mankind they set aside,
Life in their own hands retaining.
Thou, Gilgamesh, let full be thy belly,
Make thou merry by day and by night.
Of each day make thou a feast of rejoicing,
Day and night dance dance thou and play!
Let thy garments be sparkling fresh,
Thy head be washed; bathe thou in water.
Pay heed to the little one that holds on to thy hand,
Let thy spouse delight in thy bosom!
For this is the task of (mankind)!

According to the barmaid Siduri in the "Epic of Gilgamesh," from "Anet," page 90, translated by E.A. Speiser. Compare with Ecclesiastes 8:7—9.

The kiln-fired tablets

(Continued from previous page)

and may my stela make the case clear to him..."

he is not describing reality (he himself was illiterate!), but is indulging in a prophecy of the end of days, a vision no less idealistic than those of the Jewish Prophets, when people will have little to do but learn cuneiform so they can *read* his stela of laws!

In the case of other text categories, such as documents from the practice of law, contracts etc., the intention is clear. Even as regards more literary works there are occasional hints of a *Sitz im Leben*. It is known, for example, that in the later period the so-called Babylonian Creation Epic, "Enuma Elish," was recited by a priest during the New Year festival. But this is a rare instance and says nothing about the earlier history of the piece. But who read, or even heard the thousands of lines of wisdom literature and fables? Who enjoyed the Epic of Gilgamesh? Who, if anyone but the novice scribes who recopied literary pieces as part of their practical training, ever took notice of the barmaid Siduri's wise, if mildly hedonistic exposition of the good life (reproduced on this page)? Or the poets's timeless exposition of the transitory nature of all things (reproduced on next page)? Furthermore, what was the relation between the creative process and the written products of the scribal schools? It would be a bitter pill to swallow to have to accept that once the ties between the poets and the scribes were severed — and this development took place no later than the middle of the second millenium B.C.E. — traditional literature reverted to the private domain of the scribes, to what they considered to be "secret learning," to be available only to the cognoscenti. But this, alas, does indeed seem to have been the case!

Some products of the scribal art, such as the prism of Sennacherib recently acquired by the Israel Museum, which recounts, among Ather things, his third campaign, in 701 B.C.E., when he laid siege to Jerusalem (see photograph and text), were destined to oblivion from the beginning, having been deposited in the foundations of palaces and temples, away from the eyes of mortal men.

Works like "ANET" have, after a long lapse, reversed this process. "ANET" gives these timeless creations the wide public they deserve.

Dr. Shaffer is Chairman of the Hebrew University's Assyriology Department.

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هكذا من الأصل

So close, so far

LEFETA BARE'I BIMEHUPACH נפתע בראי במהופך (Suddenly, in the Mirror Upside-Down) by Yehuda Shavit. Tel Aviv, Eked. 55 pp.

Reviewed by Zvia Ginor

YEHUDA Shavit's poetry is compact and intensive both in thought and in expression. He performs wittily with his words and ideas, plays a sophisticated game in which the words often draw the reader's attention away from the content.

On the second reading, one discovers a fear which underlies SHAVIT all 49 poems in this volume:

A single string plays
and one man hovers high high up...
And then the memories
pass through the ear, inward,
and the man suddenly drops on them
onto strings of low tension —
and is carbonized.

Shavit portrays people as hanging somewhere between past and future, between memory and reality. He is preoccupied with the transitoriness of all situations, with the hopelessness of people's attempts to gain permanent connection to another person, or to a place.

Even in the few love poems in the book Shavit is worried about the termination of the feeling; the cooling-off:

Coming out of my skin is the love of fire.
Do not extinguish.

What does Yehuda Shavit see "Suddenly in the Mirror Upside-Down"? He seems to imply that only upside down do we receive a correct reflection. He writes:

A person is so close to himself, so
far when he suddenly looks in the mirror,
upside-down...

Three poems

By YEHUDA SHAVIT

I

your love is lovely to behold
hold it a little longer,
the danger of
forgetting this excitement
as one gets older,
the chant
of monks and monkeys merging
inside us —
as our painlove does.

the slowslow motion as
you drift from home
leaving
a thin trail of foam

II

contemplating the coquetry of
a pregnant
sea, a sun
tan corset tightening
round my flabby
brain — I sink
into the exquisite quicklime
of sea-sand, donating my
toenails
to the butterfly collection
of my future childhood

III

keep me deep into the
future
with fatherly hands
hairy with patience and love

the present is unequal to
tranquility,
leaving disturbing patterns
on my palms

the poignant coo of pigeons
suddenly menacing;
sudden dawn like sudden death
takes my breath away

Yehuda Shavit wrote the above poems in English. Born in Danzig in 1933, he has been living in Israel since the age of 5. A children's book of his is about to be published, and he is at work on his second book of poems.

Reader's Letters Indians and Jews

To The Jerusalem Post Literary Editor

Sir, — As a footnote to "The Awakening Indian" (your issue of July 16), may I note that after serving as U.S. Commissioner of Indian Affairs until 1945, the late John Collier became a Professor of Anthropology and Sociology at New York's City College where he taught in the late 1940s and early 1950s. For many of his Jewish students, swept up by the creation of the State of Israel, Prof. Collier provided a depth of vision and understanding which enabled us to appreciate the uniqueness of our people as part of the uniqueness and treasure of people everywhere.

Years later, here in Israel, I met other City College graduates who had also come to a deeper understanding of Zionism thanks to having studied with Prof. Collier. As he told us, and also wrote:

"Go to Israel, to witness the striving, more exhaustive and experimental and creative than any other on earth, towards reattainment of community and of reciprocity and of the conserving man-nature relationship."

The quote is from page 162 of Collier's "On the Gleaming Way" (Denver, Sage Books, 1962). This is a rare and eloquent book that through its deep insight into Indian society makes each reader more aware of his own society.

ZVI SOIFER
Kfar Shmaryahu.

'Jewish ceremonial art'

To The Jerusalem Post Literary Editor

Sir, — I must take issue with some of Michael Kaniel's comments in his review of "Jewish Ceremonial Art" authored by Dr. Abram Kanof (your issue of May 28).

It is a pity that Kaniel goes to great pains to slam American Jewry, Dr. Kanof and his publishers with snide comments, to wit: "I am less puzzled by the omission of amulets as author and publisher may have decided that these examples of Jewish history, culture and art are embarrassing to 'enlightened' modern American Jewish — and non-Jewish — readers." "Death is not pleasant for American readers to think about, so..." "Similarly, as can be expected in a book aimed primarily at the American Jewish market, the apparently distasteful subject of Halitza is passed over..."

I can assure you that Dr. Kanof was not motivated by financial gain as is insinuated by Kaniel's comments about the book being "tailored" for the market place. Dr. Kanof is and has been gainfully employed for many years and his charitable endeavours are well known. Secondly, we hope that we are enlightened, but this does not preclude our enjoyment of the past traditions, customs and religious practices. Thirdly, death is not particularly pleasant for anyone to think about; however, it might interest Kaniel to know that Dr. Kanof's daughter and son-in-law serve on our local Hevra Kadisha. This a very personal function in a small community with 100 Jewish families.

Kaniel's broad generalizations as to American Jewry leave much to be desired.

EDWARD P. PIZER
Raleigh, North Carolina.

OF YIDDISH LITERATURE

THE MATURING OF YIDDISH LITERATURE by Sol Liptzin. New York, Jonathan David. 282 + xii pp. $6.95.
ESSAYS ON YIDDISH POETRY AND PROSE WRITERS OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY, by Yisrael Biletsky. Tel Aviv, Y. L. Peretz Library. 258 pp.

Reviewed by Geoffrey Wigoder

THE first volume of Professor Liptzin's projected three-volume history of Yiddish literature went down to World War I. This described the giants — Mendele, Peretz, Shalom-Aleichem, Asch. The subsequent period, covered in this sequel — the interwar years — treats many writers, some of whom, while perhaps not reaching the full stature of their predecessors, were very great, including a number who have been only fully appreciated in retrospect, such as Der Nister. During this period, the main activity was in two main centres — the U.S. and Eastern Europe.

Between the two World Wars, Yiddish was the medium of ten million Jews. In the U.S. it had developed from the period of the mass immigration in the 1880s. As Prof Liptzin describes it, the early radical writers who achieved popularity were succeeded — after the disillusionment of the abortive 1905 Russian Revolution — by a new wave of writers fleeing from Eastern Europe who were no longer dazzled by utopias and who sought to wean the masses away from sentimentalism and propaganda. Out of them emerged the group calling themselves Die Junge (The Young Ones), who emphasized "art for art's sake" and challenged the moralising of the previous generation.

After World War I the introspective poetry movement known as Insichism ("in sich" meaning "in itself" or "in oneself") arose and remained active until the end of the 1930s. It stressed poetry as the expression of emotionalised thought, and the Insich manifesto stated that the world exists only as manifested within us and objective reality cannot be obtained. But although the Insichists claimed the urbanization of the Yiddish lyric as one of their great achievements, Prof. Liptzin finds their main contribution in innovations of style rather than content.

Old World ideologies

The U.S. Yiddish writers of this period all originated from Eastern Europe and continued to reflect the attitudes and ideologies of the Old World, even when the subject-matter was drawn from the new environment (a parallel could be drawn with Eretz Yisrael Hebrew literature of the period). After the 1920s not a single Yiddish group emerged that could be designated as a literary movement with an original approach. To quote Prof. Liptzin: "There were only individual writers who enriched the stream without modifying its direction."

In pre-World War II Soviet Russia, the main centres of literary creativity were Kiev, Minsk and Moscow. The removal of disabilities in 1917 released what Prof. Liptzin (who loves the flamboyant adjective) called "a galaxy of radiant and courageous poets in an initial universal dance of fraternity." The 1920s was the most productive decade of Soviet Yiddish literature, with the Kiev group (including Der Nister and David Bergelson) outstanding. But in the course of time, the rigid discipline enforced from the centre quenched much of the spark. The groups tended to lose their identity and writers all too often were pale reflections of the party line. The writings were Soviet in content if Yiddish in form, and Prof. Liptzin notes a tendency to avoid Hebraism and Biblical associations in the language. The Minsk centre was liquidated in the mid-1930s and World War II took a further toll as 40 Yiddish writers died in battle. As is known, the end of this period came during the last years of the Stalin terror, when most of the surviving Yiddish writers (and other artists) were murdered.

An impressive last efflorescence in Eastern Europe occurred in the 1930s in Lithuania, with the emergence of the Young Vilna group. Some three dozen Yiddish writers with no common cultural background and no platform or manifesto but bound together by common enthusiasm were responsible for a remarkable outpouring which was rich in promise. Many of them died during the war but others — such as Chaim Grade and Avraham Sutzkever — survived to carry the torch after the war to other centres, notably Israel. And this is to be the theme of Prof. Liptzin's concluding volume.

SOL LIPTZIN

* * *

THERE has not been enough translation or exposition of Yiddish literature in other languages. In English little has been produced beyond a couple of historical surveys, translations of some of the better known classics and a couple of anthologies. The objective difficulty is the problem of translating Yiddish culture into other tongues. The cultural patterns — and with them the language patterns — are *sui generis*. Translation always becomes particularly difficult when the whole sphere of reference changes, and this is partcularly marked in Yiddish. We all know how Yiddish-speakers, in trying to convey a Yiddish story or phrase in another language, have resort to "But you can't really translate it" or "You can say that only in Yiddish." One of the factors is that such a welter of civilisation and background clings to each phrase that it can be fully savoured only if one is steeped in the whole culture.

Double failure

Thus, Biletsky's essays on modern Yiddish writers could have filled an important need. But the book is a failure for two main reasons. The first is Biletsky's own style: he writes personal panegyrics, lyrical prose-poems in praise of his subjects. It is a Yiddish genre which has a certain Hebrew counterpart but none in the English language or mentality. Secondly, the translator is nowhere near up to the challenge. He has produced an extremely literal translation which does not try to convert the material into terms acceptable to the English reader.

Sol Liptzin at 70

By Charles Angoff

PROFESSOR Sol Liptzin was born on Av 11, 5661 (July 27, 1901) in Satanov, Russia. He went to the U.S. in 1910 and has been living in Jerusalem for 10 years. His contributions to Jewish-American literary culture are many, and he has established a name for himself in both the American and Israeli academic worlds, serving as a bridge between American Jewry and Israeli Jewry on the cultural level. He is, surely, one of the finest, most knowledgeable champions of the validity and enduring qualities of Yiddish literature. He has written perceptively about European literature, especially German.

It is for others fully to assay his importance in the latter area and also in the academic world. Israelis know what he has done for the young, burgeoning American College in Jerusalem. He has not only built, from the ground up, the Division of Humanities; he has also helped greatly to set the tone of the entire undertaking, always insisting upon quality of instruction. He is both inspired and inspiring as a teacher.

As a scholar and critic he has held himself aloof from the winds of fashion in Jewish fiction writing in America. He has stood firm for the immemorial virtues: solid and honest characterization, illumination of situation, sympathy for the material, and absolute fidelity to the background of the characters and situation. These attributes are what make his book, "The Jew in American Literature," of such historic value. It will be carefully consulted by future historians of the Jewish literary output in American Jewry. The very same qualities give endurance to his "Flowering of Yiddish Literature" and "The Maturing of Yiddish Literature."

Sol Liptzin is his own man, steadfast in his principles, no matter what the hucksters among the fictioneers are selling, and no matter what the hoopla critics are saying about the merchandise offered by the lowly confectioners. What Liptzin objects to in most of their work is not that they present their Jewish characters as vulgarians and psychopaths. The Jews, like other peoples, have plenty such. What he objects to is that they ignore the other, more decent, more representative characters. To emphasize the negative is to falsify. *Dos Pintele Yid* (quintessential Jewishness) is a conglomerate of good and bad, holy and shabby, grand and petty. Liptzin is one of the very few among Jewish-American literary historians and critics who always searches for the voice of the Prophets.

His "Generation of Decision" is a fully documented study of the wanderings, agonies, ecstasies, yearnings of the Jewish-American soul in a civilization that at first seemed alien, even unfriendly, then became easier to live in, and yet is still not wholly satisfactory to many Jews who wish to live a totally Jewish life. Liptzin's reviews of Yiddish writings in "In Jewish Bookland," organ of the Jewish Book Council of America, and in other media, when collected, will form a first-rate guide to such writings in the past half century.

Sol Liptzin is a universal man, attracted by the divine spark in all men, but, of course, especially drawn to all things Jewish. He obviously is inclined to think that Jews are God's greatest experiment with man. Now he is convinced that the best land for the Jew, if he wishes to free himself from the ponderable and imponderable roadblocks that interfere with the full flowering of Jewishness, is Israel. It is no wonder, then, that so many scores of Americans look upon him as their counsellor in Israel.

Charles Angoff, Professor of English Literature at Fairleigh Dickinson University, Rutherford, New Jersey, and President of the Poetry Society of America, is author of the David Polonsky saga, whose ninth volume, "Season of Mists," was reviewed here on July 9.

Russia's underground writers

A new industry has emerged in the Soviet Union over the past decade — samizdat. This clandestine publication of works on philosophy, literature, politics, civil rights stimulates much speculation — Why is it permitted? Are the Soviet authorities unable to stamp out underground publishing? Or is it being permitted as a safety valve, a relatively harmless way of relieving liberal pressures? EDITH B. FRANKEL, of the Hebrew University's Russian *Studies Department*, discusses some recent stories, circulated through samizdat, included in "Russia's Other Writers," translated by various hands and edited with an Introduction by Michael Scammell and Foreword by Max Hayward (London, Longman, 216 pp., £2.75).

IN his "Fourth Prose," included in the volume under review, Osip Mandelstam writes:

"I divide all the works of world literature into those written with and without permission. The first are trash, the second — stolen air. As for writers who write things with prior permission, I want to spit in their faces, beat them over the head with a stick... I would forbid these writers to marry and have children. After all, children must carry on for us, must say to the end for us what is most important to say. But their fathers have sold out to the pockmarked devil for three generations to come."

The anthology of stories in "Russia's Other Writers" consists exclusively of the latter category — stolen air. Their authors most assuredly did not sell out to Stalin or whatever devil followed him. The works were indeed written "without permission" and with rare exceptions *they were either banned by* the censor or never even offered for publication. The tenuous quality which they have in common is the simple fact that none of the works are officially available to the reader in the Soviet Union.

Although not published by official organs in Russia, a large number of the stories in this volume are known to the Soviet reader. This is through the unique Soviet phenomenon known as *samizdat*, meaning "self-publishing." This is a system whereby unofficial copies of manuscripts — hand-written, typed or stencilled — are distributed to interested readers informally on a personal basis. A given typescript passed from hand to hand often reaches a surprising number of readers.

The system is tailored specifically to the needs of an intelligentsia faced with the crushing weight of state censorship, yet anxious to read works which have been arbitrarily withheld from the public. The problem of state control over literature is an old one in Russia, but it is under the Soviet regime that literary censorship has stifled published creativity to such a degree. Soviet writers have always "written for the drawer" — responded to their creative urge by at least putting down their works on paper, even if they saw absolutely no chance of their ever seeing the light. In recent years, however, since Stalin's death, more of these works written for the drawer have gradually managed to reach the intelligent reading public on an informal basis. As far back as the Pasternak affair large numbers of Russians were actually familiar with "Doctor Zhivago," thanks to *samizdat*. This was a case of a work published and known outside Russia finally being read in Russia. The converse is also true, though, and gradually stories, essays, poems, entire novels which originally circulate through *samizdat* eventually pass beyond the borders of Russia and are published there. The volume under review comprises mainly (though not exclusively) *samizdat* material.

One may also divide Soviet literature into categories other than those chosen by Mandelstam: literature of artistic merit as against *literature of merely political interest*. Many of the Soviet works known to readers outside Russia belong to the latter category. Dudintsev's famous "Not by bread alone," though an inferior novel in many respects, was highly significant as a political commentary on Soviet life when it appeared in the 1950s. The nine stories in "Russia's Other Writers," however, belong to that group of works which are, first and foremost, good literature. A few of them contain "politically significant" matter, but the consistently high quality of the anthology does not rest on this. They are not significant as *causes celebres*, or famous because of the fate of their authors. They simply make good reading.

The *anthology covers a span of* Soviet literature from the 1920s to the present decade. Two of the stories, "Hard Times" and "The Fleecy Jacket," deal specifically with the early Soviet period and the physical hardships encountered after the revolution. "Hard Times" tells of a formerly well-off family reduced to dire straits during the Civil War. The story deals in very personal terms with the meaning of penury and the extent of the family's loss. Bygone days are symbolized by various objects of the former existence — ornate cigarette cases, earrings, fine tablecloths, a wedding dress. These artifacts slowly disappear from the family trunk as necessity drives the family to sell them. The story ends with the bare-bone driving necessity of grinding poverty, expressed, in the last paragraph, in the crying of the hungry baby and the drying up of the mother's milk. For the mother, the Revolution means only insupportable poverty and grief. It is only in nostalgic associations from the former life that we find joy, evidence of mother love, strong attachments.

It is interesting to note that the author submitted the story for publication in 1920, obviously under the impression that even then, three years after the revolution, it might be accepted by the censor. The story, which was in fact rejected, is related in a sad narrative voice that is, at the same time, dry and free from emotionalism. Nowhere is any mention made of the positive aspects of the *Revolution*. The dominant theme is that of loss and the difficulties of enduring. In one of the few direct quotes, a woman at the dairy market sees an icon the mother is forced to sell and says in sympathy:

"Lord, we are at God's mercy! And when will it all end? And how will we live till the end?"

The second story from the same period — "The Fleecy Jacket" — actually was published in the 1920s. It also deals with the uprooting of people and the ensuing poverty after the Revolution, but in a light vein, in a style reminiscent of Zoshchenko — gallows humour, perhaps slightly less zany, but with an ironic twist at the end.

Mandelstam's "Fourth Prose" is not a story, but a series of tightly knit, often vitriolic vignettes which spit out the philosophy, likes and, more often, hates of the famous poet. These were written in the ominous year 1929, were never published, but have found their way to the Soviet reader through *samizdat*. Each section deals with a particular subject or string of thoughts; Mandelstam writes tersely, treats his subject matter mercilessly. His venomous attack on writers is full of bitter irony. The terminology he has chosen is that often employed by anti-Semites or refers to the Jewish situation (use of the words "tribe," "ritual," reference to victims for calendrical needs, gypsyishness, expulsion from the cities). But here he uses it against that lowliest of peoples — writers. And Mandelstam, who in other sections of his "Fourth Prose" has spoken scathingly of the Jewish bourgeois habits of colleagues, here proudly calls himself a Jew. So we see the writer Mandelstam denying his identity as a writer and Mandelstam, a Jew by birth but not by inclination, identifying himself as a Jew. (See excerpt on this page.)

One very beautiful story, "Before Sunrise," (using the same title as Zoshchenko's autobiographic work of the 1940s), centres around a multiple amputee who returned from the war to his wife. Unable to speak, immobile, Akim sits on his front porch most of the day, watching life around him, feeling the beauties of nature. The story, in a simple, buoyant tone, infuses into the reader Akim's great love for his wife and the joy he can still derive from life and from his baby son.

Life in prison camp

Two brief works deal with life in a prison camp. Another consists of "miniature stories," semi-autobiographical *and highly original*. What is missing by and large in the entire anthology is a mention of what omnipotent, omniscient factor of Soviet life — the Party. There is no fault-finding in the ordinary Soviet context — criticism of the bureaucracy, demands for improvement of various kinds — and the concomitant call on the Party to cure all ills. Many of the works are not so much anti-political as apolitical.

Victor Velsky's "Apologia" is a long, technically perfected work. Presumably autobiographic (Velsky's real name is unknown), the childhood, education and eventual surrender to the fear-crazed atmosphere of Russia at the time of the Doctors' Plot, just before Stalin's death. He relates his carefully-laid plans to escape from the Soviet Union and his unexpected inability to carry them through at the end — perhaps not so unexpected in the light of the emasculating atmosphere which Velsky portrayed as all-pervasive. The hero, unable to be happy in his own land, finally discovers that he has been made incapable of adjusting to any place by now. In its tortured self-analysis, the "Apologia" is reminiscent of Dostoevski.

The first work in the anthology, a long story called "House in the Clouds," should, as the *piece de resistance*, have been placed at the end. It is written by a young writer, Vladimir Maximov, and is really first-rate. "House in the Clouds," which could almost be called a novelette, *centres on a dvornik* (caretaker), Lashkov, and follows life in the apartment house where he works over a period of 30 years. So the reader gets a glimpse of Soviet life, and the different strata occupying the building, from just after the Revolution to the post-war years. All the turbulence of the Soviet era is evoked in the microcosm Maximov presents us: the expropriation of rooms in the house for the use of poorer inhabitants, the police checks, arrested, the war. This is intermingled with the ordinary lives and tragedies of the dwellers: love, marriage, birth, death. Lashkov sees it all, helps move in the new tenants, accompanies the policeman when he calls to arrest someone, mourns for the dead. His life, his entire world, is that of the courtyard of the house where he lives and works, and through his eyes, the eyes of a simple inarticulate man, we come to understand this life in its greatness and pathos.

The story is written on a number of levels and the author expresses himself sometimes through Lashkov's observation, sometimes through one of the tenants, as when Khramov, an actor who knew better days before the Revolution, talks about the changes taking place and his relation to them:

"You see, Lashkov, you and I are, how shall I put it, living in the stagnant bywater of a mighty current. We are linked with its general process, we are an inalienable part of it, but the current itself flows on while we stick here and stagnate — and disintegrate..."

Lashkov, too, feels that he has been living in a backwater, not part of the mainstream. But he comes to realize that his courtyard and the lives lived there are like those of many, many houses all over Moscow, so that in a sense he can achieve a oneness with mankind through the understanding of the universality of experience.

The local policeman, who is constantly coming to the house to arrest someone during the decade before the Second World War, is friendly *with Lashkov*. They often sit down to have a drink together. But eventually the tasks he has had to perform over the years overwhelm him and the policeman takes his own life.

"The expression on Kalinin's face was gentle and slightly puzzled, as though at the moment that had separated him forever from this life he had had time to be surprised at how easy and simple it all was."

Maximov is neither prosecutor nor judge. He is an observer of the scene and, through his observations, life becomes a little clearer and more understandable, the complexities remain but they become part of an intelligible pattern.

The honourable title of Jew

By Osip Mandelstam

OSIP MANDELSTAM, 1922

IN a certain year of my life, grown men from that tribe which I despise with all the strength of my soul and to which I neither wish to, nor ever will, belong, conceived the intention of jointly committing against me an ugly and repellent ritual. The name of this ritual is literary pruning or dishonouring, and it is performed in accordance with the customs and the calendrical needs of the writers' tribe, the victim being selected by vote of the elders.

I insist that writerdom, as it has developed in Europe and above all in Russia, is incompatible with the honourable title of Jew, of which I am proud. My blood, burdened with its inheritance from sheep breeders, patriarchs and kings, rebels against the shifty gypsyishness of the writing tribe. A creaking camp of unwashed Romanies kidnapped me as a child and for a certain number of years dawdled along its obscene routes, vainly striving to teach me its one craft, its one art: theft.

Writerdom is a race with a revolting smell to its hide and the filthiest known means of preparing its food. It is a race that wanders and sleeps in its own vomit, one that is expelled from cities and hounded in villages, but it is always and everywhere close to the authorities, who grant its members a place in red-light districts, as prostitutes. For literature always and everywhere carries out one assignment: it helps superiors keep their soldiers obedient and it helps judges execute reprisals against doomed men.

A writer is a mixture of parrot and hope. He's a polly in the very loftiest meaning of that word. He speaks French if his master is French, but, sold into Persia, he will say "Pol's a fool," of "Polly wants a cracker" in Persian. A parrot has no age and doesn't know day from night. If he starts to bore his master he's covered with a black cloth and that, for literature, is the surrogate of night.

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هكذا من الاصل

Lyova and the Lachish olim

NO TIME FOR HISTORY by Arie L. Eliav. New York, Sabra Books. 220 pp. $5.95.

Reviewed by Yvonne Glikson

ARIE Eliav, Member of Knesset and until recently Secretary-General of the Labour Party, found time to record some of his earlier experiences in smuggling immigrants illegally into Palestine in "The Voyage of the Ulua" (published in 1967). The part he played in settling immigrants on the soil of Israel he now recalls in "No Time for History."

One of the dynamic personalities among the generation who served in the Hagana, the British Army, "Aliya Bet," and the Israel Defence Forces (as one of the founders of the Navy), Lyova — as he is widely known — in 1949 joined the Jewish Agency's Settlement Department as assistant to Levi Eshkol. It is at this stage that the present book begins, and the opening chapters are a rich mine of Eshkoliana. Eliav writes it was Eshkol who instituted the no-reply-to-letters system that has now become so established a practice in our society. Eshkol recommended that Eliav deal with correspondence on the following principle:

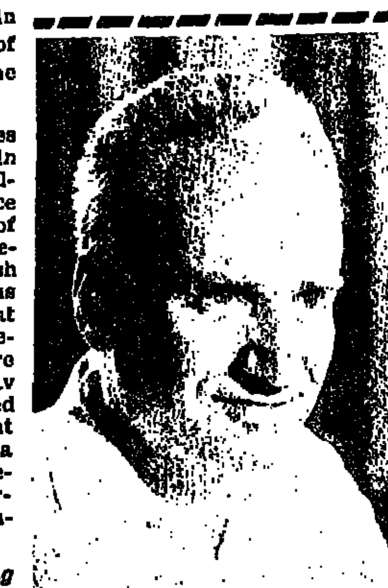
Put all the letters into a big drawer in your desk. Do not open a single one. During this month we will, of course, attend to our affairs: we shall see lots of people, arrange many matters, tour many places and make many decisions.

At the end of the month you'll open all the accumulated letters and you will then see that the mail can be divided into two categories: letters containing really urgent and important matters, and letters from nudniks *and cranks.*

You will them also realise that matters within the first category have already worked themselves out or are receiving our urgent attention...

Dealing with letters of the second category is a waste of time.

It is in the initial stages of setting up the Lachish development project, however, that the main interest of Eliav's book lies. In 1954,



ARIE ELIAV

after varied work amon the *ma'barot* (transit camps) and with Cochin Jews, he was appointed director of a new region scheduled for development between the Hebron hills and the Gaza Strip — subsequently named the Lachish Region.

Today among the fairest of Israel's agricultural areas, the Lachish region was a difficult starter when Eliav first tackled it. It was settled mainly by immigrants who had little urge to embark on agriculture, and even less experience in this field. Nevertheless, under Eliav's initiative, it became a model project, and the region's chief town, Kiryat Gat, settled first by Jews from a village near Marrakesh in Morocco, is now a pleasant urban centre, while the giant Sugat sugar refinery dominates its industrial zone.

Eliav's struggles to start the project, and in settling his disparate groups of immigrants, his meetings with visiting personalities including Eleanor Roosevelt and the anthropologist Margaret Mead, and the dedicated contributions of his helpers, are recounted here with gusto. Of the many problems not faced by planners in other countries when choosing a site for development, apart from security, hydrological architectural, and engineering considerations, there is in Israel the problem of antiquities. Eliav recalls that the most dreaded expert on his locations committee was the archeologist. Accompanying them with his little canvas bags, he inevitably discovered a rich hoard of potsherds and remains on a site chosen for building purposes, and was liable to hold up the plan entirely by scheduling the area for "investigation". Even the aspect of antiquities had its advantages, however, for an archeological expedition to the *tel* provided work for the new settlers in Kiryat Gat. Though at first they could not fathom the purpose of the digging they were set to perform, when it was explained to them that they were searching Goliath's birthplace, they readily entered into the spirit of the thing, and work developed into a treasure hunt for remains of Goliath's limbs.

While "No Time for History" tends to be fragmentary and anecdotal, leaving many gaps to be filled, it provides a fascinating memoir. It should be interesting to read a more systematic record by Eliav of the history of the Lachish project, or of some of the successor schemes for which he was responsible, including the Qazvin Area Development Project in Iran which he directed following the great earthquake of 1962.

His text has been translated from Hebrew into lively English by Dov Chaikin. It does not seem, however, that a book of this nature should need a five-page glossary (appended at the end) containing explanations of terms such as A.T.S., Egged, and Narodniks. Its inclusion is especially unfortunate, since, due to a printing error, we read (pp.215-16) that *Falafel* is: "ground chick peas with spices, rolled into *Fedayeen.*"

Ham after the Seder

ODIOUS CHILD by Taya Zinkin. London, Chatto and Windus. 218 pp. £2.30.

Reviewed by Dora Sowden

THOUGH there are not many large-scale "happenings" in the life of Taya, *aged zero to nine* — the years the book covers — what emerges is a lively family portrait.

Taya's family were Russian Jews of a very special category — wealthy, permitted to live where they wished, one of them even ennobled by the Tsar. Taya tells nothing of the Revolution, but it is obvious that her grandfathers plucked a very handsome fortune out of the *burning and continued to* live opulently in France after the deluge. Apparently not all the members of the family were equally lucky in saving their belongings, but the pages of this autobiography are permeated with an atmosphere of comfort rather than economy. When she turned seven, Taya's maternal grandfather gave her a country house which was to be part of her "dower." It was considered a modest establishment with its three floors, 12 rooms and two gardens.

The grandparents, despite their exceptional position in Russia, maintained some, at least, of their religious and national consciousness. Her maternal grandmother actually said her prayers in Hebrew regularly, observed *kashrut* for herself and celebrated Passover, where Taya learned to ask the four questions in Hebrew. The morning after the Seder, this grandmother served ham to the children because she knew they liked it. Taya's parents seem to have given *their Jewishness no thought.* The children on occasion apparently went to church with their Christian nannies — though there is no mention of conversion.

Candour is one of the main charms of this story of the little girl who was precocious rather than "odious" (as her mother called her). She tells how her mother used to tie her hands because she masturbated (though the mother wasn't immune herself) and she tells of her childish follies as well as her fancies. Her main frustration seems to have been the erratic way in which her vain and beautiful mother expressed her maternal concern — devoted in illness, cruel in the careless comment on the child's looks and behaviour.

How the little girl's initial jealousy of her brother turned to protective love, how her parents and their friends made a milieu of their own in France, transplanting their Russian habits and outlook — these and other memories come out clearly in the story. In her doctor father's nursing home in Paris, all the medical men were from the Imperial staff — the Tsar's surgeon, the Tsar's physician, the Tsar's "urologue," the Tsar's dentist — even "the Tsar's obstetrician."

Yet the *atmosphere in which* emigre and refugee Russians lived does not really come to the surface until the author describes the boardinghouse where she, her mother and her brother spent three holidays. Here the slapdash management — the lavish meals at one time, meagre and makeshift at another — has a certain theatricality about it but also a sure authenticity.

Since the style and narrative improve as the book goes on, one looks forward to further volumes that will take the "Odious Child" from the age of nine upwards.

...as sheep to do the slaughter

THE NAZI AND THE BARBER by Edgar Hilsenrath. New York, Doubleday.

Reviewed by Shimon Wincelberg

FEW books about the Holocaust can, for obvious reasons, lay claim to being judged as literature. Only a fool or a genius would dare to write about it without having been there, while among the survivors the necessary element of artistic distance is probably almost impossible to achieve without some degree of moral callousness. And the morally callous no doubt have better sense than to write about things nobody wants to read about.

What remains, in the way of work published in English and accessible to objective criticism, can be summed up in a paragraph. There are, above all, the dazzling mysticism and eschatological visions of the still awesomely thinskinned Elie Wiesel; the epic sweep, numb irony and understated precision of Andre Schwartz-Bart; the Kafkaesque landscapes of Jakov Lind, and the relentless naturalism of numerous lesser artists (among whom I may be slighting some who wrote in Hebrew or Yiddish and were never translated).

Edgar Hilsenrath is yet another accomplished novelist who has, in his own person, paid his dues to that period which, in our history, still gapes at us like an open wound. He has now followed his big, magnificent and utterly neglected first novel (rather unfortunately titled "Night," the title of Elie Wiesel's first novel) with a comparatively minor work on the same period. "The Nazi and the Barber" mingles a sunny and grotesque cynism somewhat reminiscent of Gunter Grass' "The Tin Drum" with episodes of total horror, and others of outright farce, which are rarely less than totally believable.

While one would expect any sensible book about the Holocaust to be written from the victim's point of view, there is, I suppose, no literary reason why such a novel should not show us these events through the eyes of your run-of-the-mill, small-time mass-murderer, who, you will admit, until now has had an almost universally bad press, at least among cultivated people who read novels.

It is Hilsenrath's achievement to tell his story through the eyes of one Max Schultz, a wretchedly unattractive young German, haunted as a boy (not without reason) by castration fantasies. Max's childhood has been blighted by his obscene mother and her latest man, a mean-minded, low-class barber, and there is little joy in his young life beyond that found in his friendship with Itzik Finkelstein, son of an offensively successful and elegant mens' hairdresser. But then — and not a minute too soon for millions of Germans like Max — comes the war, in which the Finkelsteins are translated into ashes and Max Schultz into an obedient, mildy squeamish, rather inoffensive mass-murderer.

Obviously, none of this sounds like material for comedy, or even in particularly good taste. And yet, Hilsenrath has managed, through his Schultz-eye view, to give us a good deal of shrewd insight into the average non-monstrous young nazi, and the moral numbness, in a culture which never quite outgrew the ferocious mentality of medieval absolutism, which could move this amiable oaf into a man who, although not without an occasional twinge of self-pity, could slaughter *people by the hundreds.*

After the war, Max Schultz, with undiminished Candidean innocence, escapes prosecution as a war-criminal by assuming Itzik Finkelstein's name and identity, an dletting himself be transported to Israel in order, almost as an act of friendship, to live out Itzik's life for him.

I regret to note that some of Max's Israeli adventures tend to sound a little slapdash and facetious, possibly because the one novelistic device to which Max's character does not lend itself is the picaresque.

Some of the book's idiomatic pungency is surely lost in its translation from the German. But Max Schultz remains not only a memorable comic creation, but also a most convincing portrait of Dr. Hannah Ahrendt's "banal" Nazi who went as sheep to do the slaughter of other human beings because, after all, they weren't really quite human, and everybody else was doing it, and hardly anyone in all the world told them not to.

Shimon Wincelberg, author of the play "Kataki" whose Hebrew version recently had a long run in Israel and prize-winning short-story writer and television playwright, is spending the summer in Jerusalem.

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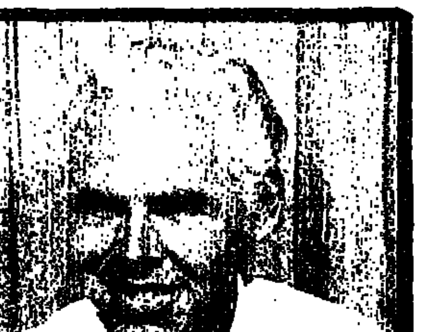

Gideon Miller

By Lea Levavi, Special to The Jerusalem Post

THE Tel Aviv Municipality's Social Service Department is the first welfare organization in Israel to employ a full-time drug specialist. He is Gideon Miller, 49, a new immigrant from the United States who spent ten years rehabilitating drug addicts and alcoholics in New York. When he came to Israel, he thought he would return to his former occupation, the hotel trade, but soon realized that he had not left the drug problem behind him.

"I first became involved in drugs when my wife became an addict and an alcoholic," he told me when I visited his Jaffa office. "I felt totally helpless. I took her from one doctor and psychiatrist to another, but nobody could help her. When she passed away, I decided I wanted to do something for addicts. I took the few courses then available on the subject and then *started to work — with alcoholics* on the Bowery and with drug addicts. Later I formed my own consulting company to help industrial management solve alcohol and drug problems. Their own and their employees'."

He had thought his long experience in this field would not be needed in Israel. But the reality here was otherwise, he soon learned.

"When I first arrived, students came to me for help in getting off drugs. The first ones who came were children of friends from America, or people whom I just happened to tell about my work with *addicts. After* a while, the word spread and more students came. They want help, but there is nowhere for them to go. If the university authorities find out they're on drugs, the kids get thrown out."

Mr. Miller decided to research the problem to see how serious it really was, but he encountered opposition all along the way.

"People kept telling me we really don't have a problem in Israel and that the only drug-users are American students. It's *true that a lot* of American youngsters come here with a drug problem but that isn't the point. Drug addiction isn't just a disease; it's an epidemic. If you don't stop it, it spreads. Israel can't afford to let that happen."

As for the charge that drug use is confined to Americans here and is not really a serious problem anyway, the statistics tell a different *story:*

"When Police Minister Hillel spoke to the Knesset about drug abuse, he said the number of convictions jumped from slightly over 300 in 1969 to 2,300 in 1970 and that only 500 of those convicted were not Israeli citizens."

* * *

ONE of the people who is not trying to avoid the drug problem is the man who hired Mr. Miller: Zeev Bar-Sever, head of the Tel Aviv Municipality's Social Welfare Department.

"We certainly do have a problem. But we have to distinguish between two kinds of drug users. There are the long-time users who brought the habit with them from Islamic countries. Then there's the second group, *students,* hippies and others imitating the 'sophisticates' in the outside world. This is the part of the drug problem brought in by students and volunteers — mostly Americans but not exclusively so.

"ONE of the things which worries most welfare workers is the fact that young people in slum areas — often the children of long-time drug users — are now starting to use drugs. If the adult addict is too far gone for help, we want to try to save his family. This is why we hired Miller — to work with the social workers in handling the addicts and their families and to see what can be done in rehabilitation."

But what about *those addicts,* or users, who have not become addicted, who are not on welfare — such as the "students, hippies..." and so on?

"The drug problem has many aspects: social, educational, legal and health. That means at least four government ministries are involved. We can handle only the social welfare end of it. Unless the police can do more to stop pushers — which they can't today because the law is ineffective — we can't solve the problem. A few days ago I heard about one pusher who, in order to evade the police, hires an old man to *hand out the drugs.* That way, he (the pusher) can't be caught because he must be found with drugs in his possession in order to be prosecuted.

"The Ministry of Education does general information work, but I don't know how effective it is and I suspect it isn't enough. We once asked several social workers to estimate how many school children in their work area take drugs." Their estimates, for eighth graders, in this informal estimate ranged, according to Mr. Bar-Sever, from around four in a class of 40, or ten per cent, to the frightening figure *of 20 out of 40, or 50 per cent.* "As for the Health Ministry, they certainly aren't doing enough."

* * *

MR. Bar-Sever knows of about *150 addicts among* the Municipality's welfare recipients:

"These are people who actually come to us and openly ask for money to buy drugs. They are long-time addicts, considered almost hopeless cases, and for a long time they were given some drugs free by the Health Ministry. The feeling then was that it's better to give them drugs than to run the risk of their becoming dangerous. But about two years ago the policy was reversed, after it was discovered that many of the addicts sold part of what they received. They then had no choice but to buy on the black *market.* If they had no money, they came to us."

* * *

GIDEON Miller spoke briefly about Kedma and Gezer, two recently-organized settlements for rehabilitation of Americans who want to stop taking drugs:

"At Kedma, the only programme is Tora reading three hours a day. I think faith in God is a very good cure for drug taking, but only if it's sincere faith and not something shoved down your throat. There is no rehabilitation programme or counseling. At Gezer, they're also trying but they have no real programme. You need trained people to counsel these kids. Ex-addicts can also help, like Alcoholics Anonymous in the United States. One of the things that bothers me about both settlements is that the kids there have no intention of staying in Israel. This is an adventure for them, on their way to India or somewhere else. Why should Israel's money go for helping them when there are so many Israelis, or immigrants who really want to stay, who need the help?"

* * *

WHO becomes an addict?

"We don't really know. There's some kind of chemical change in the body that makes the difference between a user and an addict. Psychologists have all kinds of theories on what kind of person is most likely to become an addict, but I think the simplest way to put it it to say he's an unhappy person. The drug comes in place of something he wants and can't have. Maybe the kid wanted to be a *mechanic but his father insisted* that he study law. Maybe a youngster from a religious family doesn't really want to be religious but his parents force him.

"One of the important parts of rehabilitation is to find out what the person really wants to do — what makes him happy. He has to find something else to take the place of the drug. Sometimes, before he will even be ready to get help, he has to 'hit bottom' — in other words, something unpleasant must happen to make him see he has a problem. I remember one alcoholic I treated in New York, a top executive *whose signature was one of three on* the company cheques. One morning, he shook so that he couldn't sign his name. He came to me and said he thought he had a real problem. He had hit bottom.

* * *

"HEROIN is certainly the worst drug. Someone who gets hooked on it gives up his whole life—literally and figuratively. But even the so-*called 'soft drugs,'* like marijuana and hashish are dangerous. Some American psychiatrists who used to be in favour of legalizing marijuana have now come out against it. They've discovered that the students who take it can't think clearly and they've seen how serious that can be."

Mr. Miller hopes proper hospital care will soon be made available for addicts here, and that a rehabilitation centre will be available for those released:

"It should be something like the "Half-way Houses" in the States — a place where they can get land for a *settlement or use one of the two* settlements already in existence. Of course, I can't yet say exactly what kind of a programme we need.

"My experience is American, and it will take me a while to fit it to Israel. I've been working only since June. I'm trying to teach our social workers how to handle addicts, and I also counsel those addicts who tell their social workers they want help. The social worker is my interpreter during these interviews because I still don't know Hebrew. That is a handicap, of course, but I'm going to an ulpan and trying to learn as fast as I can."

"Actually, it really shouldn't be so surprising that we have a drug problem in Israel. Jews are people like everyone else and have the same problems. Before leaving America, I noticed the number of Jews at Alcoholics Anonymous meetings was constantly increasing. A recent "Newsweek" article described American Jewish boys as "coming out of the woodwork as drug addicts."

* * *

THE new immigrant who will not be returning to the hotel industry pointed to what he called a "good sign" in the legal approach to drugs here. "Recently, Tel Aviv District Court Judge Haim Dvorin gave actress Lea Makness the choice between a jail sentence and two years of psychiatric treatment when she was convicted on a drug charge. She chose the treatment. I wrote to the judge to congratulate him on the decision, and he sent me back a hand-written letter telling me it was the hardest decision he had ever made."

The Henrietta Szold Institute in Jerusalem, he said, has agreed to do a research project on drug addiction in Israel.

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LIFE IN GALILEE

By Hadassah Bat Haim

Hunger and broken hearts at the airport

WAITING around at Lod Airport is not the most stimulating of experiences. In spite of continual enlargements the central hall always seems to hold about five hundred more people than it is designed for. Possibly this effect is deliberate in order to give the impression of urgency which may serve to excuse the lack of facilities other than space.

However, its immediate effect is that there is nowhere to sit down and after losing a race with a stout Ghanaian and a frail old lady with an unexpected turn of speed for a chair that falls vacant in my first half hour, I wander around disconsolately looking for other possibilities.

The counter dispensing cold drinks and dried up cakes has no seats either. No doubt they wish to discourage customers from lingering and my inquiry about more solid refreshment is met by a thumb jerked upwards in the general direction of Heaven, or, it occurs to me, the aircraft overhead which are generous with regular sustenance.

Not wishing to go so far, I persevere in my explorations, feeling that though there are none of the luxurious couches, television lounges, news cinemas, shopping arcades and other non-essentials that clutter up the airports of countries more hedonist than our own, there must be a corner where stranded passengers can get off their feet and maybe enjoy a cup of coffee and a sandwich. I am presently rewarded, if that is the word, after an extensive search of the premises inside and out, by stumbling almost by accident, upon a vast echoing chamber, furnished with hundreds of empty chairs and tables and a counter, dispensing food which can only be equalled at the buffets of the British Railways. Indeed, the coffee, though this may seem unlikely to anyone who has ever tasted the British kind, is even less drinkable.

Hungry, but still cautious, I venture to ask the haughty young lady hovering at the back what are the contents of the brown, wrinkled objects lying limply in the steamer. I am given to understand that this is not one of the permitted questions and after fixing me with a cold stare for having had the temerity to speak to her without an introduction, she shrugs and tells me she has no idea. She then hurriedly resumes a conversation which I had unwittingly interrupted and turns her back on me to make sure there will be no further transgressions.

Discretion advised

A friendly voice from a distant table advises discretion. I content myself with some pitta, which, though encased in polythene, has nevertheless acquired a distinct thumb mark in vistonis until unwrapped, and join a group of Dutch farmers here to study flood containment. It seems an odd place to have come to for this, but presumably they know where they are as they all have maps. They are waiting for their bicycles to be unloaded and ask me the best roads for cycling round the country.

Hastily I disclaim all knowledge of geography, but when pressed, not wishing to appear unobliging, I indicate some sort of route. If they get stuck in a bog or have to carry their machines over steep mountain paths they will realise that my denials were genuine, not merely modest, and I hope they will forgive me. They appear to be very tolerant boys.

At a nearby table a trio of Japanese returning from a year in a kibbutz are trying to console with eastern philosophy an American girl who is flying home after 72 hours in Israel. Arriving three days before, she took a bus to Beersheba and finding that her boyfriend had deserted her for another, came straight back to wait for the next plane home. Both journeys were taken at night, but she had seen enough to convince her that the whole place is ugly and full of unscrupulous seductresses, so she is eager to get out of it before its evil influence is exerted any further.

"Their" kibbutz

The Japanese try to persuade her that all experience is good and that she should go to "their" kibbutz where she will find angels of love and kindness. I urge her to give us another week at least, away from this dreary place, telling her that in a week or so, or even as soon as she has had a decent meal, she will feel much better and will probably not even remember the name of her betrayer.

I assure her it happens all the time, and good food and reasonable surroundings banish the effects with unbelievable rapidity. Anyone living on these unspeakable salads and congealed mysteries is bound to be depressed. Standards will have to be improved, if not out of consideration for the public digestions, then out of compassion for possible broken hearts.

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"Smash and grab" scene at the beginning of this week in one of Tel Aviv's largest department stores, as the summer end-of-season sale got under way. This particular store, in company with most of the others, firmly ignores the sales commencement date of August 1, arbitrarily fixed by the Merchants Association — but unenforceable and rarely adhered to! (Israel Sun photo)

THE BARGAIN GAME

By Catherine Rosenheimer

Jerusalem Post Reporter

TEL AVIV.— THE Kid for Two Farthings is legendary. So, one often suspects, are many of those sales bargain "dresses for half the price"! As a somewhat naive schoolgirl trying to earn some pocket money in the holidays, I once took a job in a large London store during its summer sale. Assigned to the underwear department, I spent five days writing out price tags in black, then crossing them through in red and writing in the "sale reduction price" — then fixing the price tags to boxfuls of merchandise specially bought in for the sale.

At the end of the week I received an honourable discharge: all sales merchandise was sold out to eager and unsuspecting bargain hunters. I do recall reading fairly recently that a new law came out in England, compelling retailers to offer for sale only merchandise that had been in stock for at least a month or two before the beginning of the sale at the "non-reduced" price, before offering it for less.

What of the situation here in Israel? According to Mr. Shifman, General Secretary of the Merchants Association, "there is no specially brought-in sales merchandise; reductions are from 20% upwards; all reductions are "authentic" — generally covering some 90% of all stocks, and, he adds, it is in each shop owner's interest to clear summer merchandise and thus release capital for purchasing autumn and winter stocks.

In a relatively small fashion industry such as Israel's, the chances are that there are few factories who can spare the time to run up sale-time specials. If you check the tag carefully, however, you may well find that the garment is an export reject, or sub-standard. Mr. Shifman denies that his Association receives any complaints from customers regarding sales merchandise; where he does admit to a problem is in the timing of sales.

The official date fixed for the commencement of sales is, this year, this coming Sunday, August 1. It hardly takes great detective powers, however, to observe that plenty of sales have been in full swing for as much as a fortnight. Here, confesses Mr. Shifman, lies the great difference between Israel and countries such as England and Germany. There practically all sales start on the same day —and last for 10 days or a fortnight: "short-term offers are a psychologically far better customer incentive," he says.

Before I finally succeeded in locating Mr. Shifman, I spoke to three other representatives of the Merchants Association — in Tel Aviv, Ramat Gan and Rehovot. On the question of the official commencement date for sales each informed me quite independently that "there is a date—but, unfortunately, as yet, no legal means of enforcing it." The agreement may be a gentleman's agreement — but the retail trade is hardly renowned for its gentlemanly practices, and each year the annual race to beat the next shop's sale is little short of cut-throat.

Window dressers

One of the more benevolent theories I heard was that there is a shortage of window dressers, so that not everyone can organize his sale window display to coincide with the given date: thus some are "forced" to start a little early. On the question of the legal aspect, Mr. Shifman told me that the Association had proposed a bill whereby all end-of-season sales start on one date, and that shop owners, be required to have an official sale licence before offering reductions.

The bill got as far as the Economic Ministerial Committee and was rejected. "The government is interested in prices being reduced and in a competitive element between shops," he explains. He does claim, however, that every store which is a *bona fide* member of the Association adheres to the agreed date — this year August 1.

Discrepancy in dates apart, I queried representatives of various shops regarding sales policy in general. There was a unanimous denial that any special sales stocks were ever purchased. Here are some of the facts I collected at the beginning of this week:

● Ata — start their sale officially on Sunday. They have, however, been offering reductions on men's shirts and certain cotton dresses, for several weeks. This, they stress, was a "special offer" not an end-of-season sale. Sales reductions are all decided upon by Ata's head office, who issue a detailed catalogue and distribute it to all their shops and concessionaires, who are all bound to abide by them.

● Ouman — claim to have an "everything must go" policy and their windows have been crammed full of 20% reductions since last week.

● Matzkin — also started their sale almost a fortnight ago.

● Maskit — sales started here as well last week. It continues till the end of August with reductions of 20% to 50% almost all on fashion lines, principally cotton dresses and with special offers on Bethlehem embroidered gowns described as "export surpluses."

● Hamashbir Latzarchan — said that they were starting their sale officially on August 1; certain departments have, however, already been offering 20% reductions on specific merchandise during the course of this past week — in particular blouses, of which they have large stocks and are anxious to clear. Like all other stores questioned, they were not particularly concerned about clearing "hot pants" — a fashion line which may well be firmly "out" by the Autumn. "They sell well anyhow," was the answer.

● Shalom Stores — are offering 20% reductions on what they describe as "seasonal merchandise" — principally fashion goods. 50% reductions are offered on outsize fashions — which look attractive in the window, though the keen eye can discern the elaborate and skilful pinning at the back. 99% of all sales merchandise is regular stocks, claim the Stores — admitting that they do occasionally buy up remaining stocks of certain lines from their suppliers; no rejects, however, and they dislike selling Grade B merchandise: if this is offered at all at reduced prices it is clearly marked as such, and offered for sale during the regular selling season.

● Shekem — started their sale over a week ago, with reductions of between 20% and 60% on all fashions and shoes — and in some other departments too. Here the policy is to continue the sale through until the end of August, with remaining merchandise being further reduced from week to week until the end of the sale.

One thing is certain: bargain hunting is, for some people, the main attraction of shopping.

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Cardin rescues the pants suit

By Aline Mosby

UPI Fashion Writer

PARIS. — DESIGNER Pierre Cardin rescued the pants suit earlier this week.

While Dior and Balmain virtually ignored the popular daytime trouser outfits for women in this week's Paris winter fashion shows, the Cardin mannequins came on the runway in colourful tweed pants and matching hip-length sleeveless jackets with little shoulders jutting out.

The rest of the well applauded show was equally as wearable to make the audience of international fashion writers forget the stifling heat in the non-air conditioned showroom of Cardin's new space age black-and-white theatre.

Cardin's first message was to take a black or dark green heavy ribbed wool body stocking with a turtle neck, and over it apply a variety of gear. You had your choice of fringed felt panchos, little short coloured jackets with wide shoulders, heavy wool sleeveless jackets for skiing, sleeveless gray suede, knee-length tunics with fur hems, high-waisted maxi skirts or multi-coloured harlequin plaids, coloured linen mini-skirts with black leather pockets, brightly coloured checked over-skirts with pointed hems diving from knee to floor, white sleeveless pointed full tunics edged with black fox, etc. Cardin, often called the most creative designer in Paris, seems never to run out of ideas.

Like the rest of Paris, Cardin blithely dumped last winter's maxi-midi lengths for daytime, keeping coats, suits and dresses around the knee except for his body stocking over-gear ranging from mini to maxi. A chiffon midi showed up in the evening collection with other evening gowns to the floor.

Stitch scalloped

Cardin's idea for coats and suits was to stitch scalloped—or curved capelets on the shoulders for a broadening effect that started last season in Paris and is continuing full steam ahead. His coats with those sewed-on capelets were narrow with wide, turned-up collars.

The show — the longest in Paris with 250 numbers — featured suits with full-sleeved jackets fitting as snug as blouses. Cocktail suits had little flared peplums at the bottom of jackets fitted through rows of vertical stitching.

Cardin dresses were low-waisted and collarless such as a series in muddy blue and brown prints with keyhole necklines in black leather. Others also were unmistakably Cardin — his usual stitched portholes pockets, welted hemlines, circles or squares of fabric dangling from the front of a dress, hemlines cut out into diamond or rectangular shapes. Once you've seen a Cardin show you can spot a Cardin outfit in a football stadium.

Late day dresses were gun metal (a good colour in Paris this winter) and black stitched or pleated crepes. Evening gowns in coloured slinky crepes or satins looked like nightgowns and were almost as sheer.

Pierre Balmain also liked black for his collection.

One of Balmain's prettiest knee-length evening dresses was of black chiffon with black velvet edging the short cape sleeves.

The Balmain silhouette was quite narrow with the toothpick-like mannequins wearing enormous black hats to cover the hair and show only their usual Balmain huge button earrings. In keeping with the style of this House, the girls are most elegant, subdued and over 30.

Shoulders were a bit wider and armholes deeper on coats and suits, but the changes at this House are so slight that Balmain clients can wear their 15-year-old Balmains this year and only the maestro might spot the difference.

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Navy girls in their sparkling white summer dress uniforms (blue in winter) are definitely among the smartest of all the pretty girl soldiers. (Israel Sun photo)

Navy girls are smart

By Catherine Rosenheimer
Jerusalem Post Reporter

MANY of the Navy's officers are mothers! Some 50 per cent of all women officers in the regular Navy have families — and often husbands at sea as well. "Our jobs are principally administrative, and the hours regular — more or less — from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m.," explained one of them recently. Her own particular responsibilities — her description was of necessity generalised — included "coping with all types of problems which crop up among the girls doing their national service in the Navy — from personal and boyfriend problems to the matter of living conditions or change in duties."

The majority of girl soldiers in the Navy live in women's quarters at the various bases. Some, who happen to live within convenient reach, stay at home. All receive the basic "Elchel" (meals and board allowance) due to them in lieu of residential facilities in camps while, in cases of exceptional need, their families are also given a special allowance from the army. Thus welfare problems are also an important aspect of the regular Chen navy officers' tasks.

Where the allocation of duties for girls is concerned, the Navy is of necessity somewhat more restricted than other branches of Zahal. It is basic army policy never to use girls for duties in front-line positions. In the Navy, where every ship is potentially a front-line base, girls are never sent for service on board ship. Many of the on-shore duties which they perform are similar to those in the army — clerical positions, drivers, cooks, medical orderlies and the like. With girls' national service of only 20 months duration, there is an understandable reluctance on the part of the army to invest in lengthy vocational training for girls. One of the newer fields in which girls are now proving their worth is as radar operators on shore. This is a job which requires a certain technical flair.

Pretty cadets

The pretty young naval cadets engaged in this work seem well satisfied — both from the point of view of the content and responsibilities involved in their work and the working conditions themselves. Naval radar posts are generally located in good vantage points overlooking the sea — the constant fresh sea air and cool breezes are pleasanter than any luxury air-conditioned office.

There are, it seems though, certain points which do draw girls into the Navy: they may have a father or boyfriend at sea; they may also decide to sign up for the regular Navy if they happen to marry a sailor — merchant or military — giving them a common bond. By no means least amonst the attractions is a matter which may sound somewhat flippant yet is, on good authority, a major incentive: the Navy's smart dress uniform for summer — a sparkling white in place of the standard khaki or beige — and the trim navy blue suits for winter.

Any assembly of Chen girls is always remarkable for the number of particularly attractive and well-groomed girls. Perhaps it is the uniforms or the fashion-consciousness factor prevalent among the Navy girls, which has something to do with the fact that, of all the pretty girl soldiers, they are amongst the smartest.

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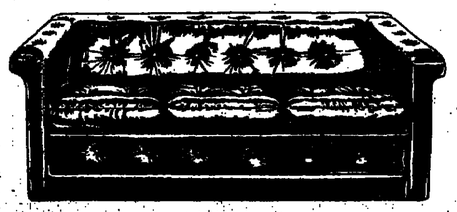

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Jerusalem has unique day centre for oldsters

By Avraham Rabinovich
Jerusalem Post Reporter

AN unusual day-care centre where a few score old people of Jerusalem's Musrara Quarter will be able to find relief from loneliness and apathy was dedicated earlier this week.

The Gadsby Centre, on Rehov Shivtea Yisrael, will provide both a meeting place and health services to neighbourhood oldsters, many of whom live alone in one-room hovels. In addition to a recreation room with television and radio, there are two shower rooms. For 50 agorot, those who cannot cook for themselves can have a hot lunch. For 20 agorot they can use a washing machine and dryer. They will be able to learn hobbies and participate in singing and dancing groups.

The most distinctive feature of the centre is the health services that will be provided. For just IL70 a member will be provided with a complete set of dentures in the dental office that is part of the centre. According to the centre's director, Mrs. Miriam Mendelow, the oldsters would have to pay at least IL1,000 elsewhere for a set of dentures. "Without dentures, many of them can't eat proper foods," she said. She estimated that six or seven persons could be provided with dentures each month.

There will also be free chiropodist service at the centre and free testing of the eyes. Those who need spectacles will be helped to buy them.

Mrs. Mendelow said that the facilities are sufficient just for 70 people and that the centre could therefore only serve the neighbourhood. She expressed the hope that similar centres would be set up elsewhere. "This is a pilot project for all the country. I want it brought to all cities." To her knowledge, she said, the project was unique and could serve as a model for other countries as well.

Funds for the centre were donated by an American, Gad Zvi Bernstein. The name of the facility is based on a contraction of his first two names.

The centre is an extension of the Lifeline for the Aged which it adjoins. Lifeline, founded eight years ago by Mrs. Mendelow, trains some 400 elderly — many of them chronically ill and destitute — in handicrafts. The work that they have produced has been sold and exhibited abroad and has won design awards. "These are people officially classified as "unfit to work by the welfare authorities," said Mrs. Mendelow. "We are solving a problem which haunts everyone, the problem of the aged. This is a war against the disease and apathy of old people. As long as they have something to look forward to, something to think about, and someone to discuss problems with, they will stay healthy."

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Ballet straight from Russia

By Dora Sowden
Special to The Jerusalem Post

A NEW immigrant who has brought the arts of Russian Ballet straight from the source to Israel is Gaby Taub-Darvash. She arrived from Rumania, with her husband, six months ago, but she trained in the Leningrad Vaganova Ballet School (from which the Kirov dancers are drawn) for two years, and for another five, she studied at the Lunicharsky Academy of Theatre Arts in Moscow.

For 14 years before she came to settle in Israel, she directed the ballet company of one of the two opera houses in Cluj, the second largest town in Rumania. She was also a teacher there. Her choreography is still being presented on the Rumanian stage and on television.

To come from the Vaganova School and the Lunicharsky Academy means not only to know ballet in its Russian essence but also the associated arts of staging. That was one reason why Gaby Taub was sent officially by the Rumanian Government — one of three chosen in 1949 — to Moscow and Leningrad to study theatre and ballet techniques — most of all, choreography. She was then sent abroad to observe what was going on in the West — England, France, Germany.

Tourist first

This is not Gaby Taub-Darvash's first time in Israel. She came as a tourist in 1969 to see her parents who had settled here in 1960. "I was disappointed to find there was no big classical ballet company," she told me in Tel Aviv. She had 60 dancers in her company in Cluj. Yet she her husband did not give up the idea of immigrating.

Even while she was still at an ulpan (she now speaks fluent Hebrew), she looked round for the possibility of using her skills and experience here. Then she saw the "Classical Ballet" — and she felt, she said, that she had found the company to work with. Berta Yampolsky and Hillel Markman, who head the Israel "Classical Ballet," also felt lucky to find her.

"Of course, we grabbed her," said Berta happily, as we were sipping iced coffee in the Markman apartment (Berta and Hillel are wife and husband).

So Gaby Taub-Darvash has already begun to give summer classes at the Yampolsky-Markman studio, and when this and the "Classical Ballet" company move to new and larger premises in September, she will begin to rehearse the company (which now numbers 17) and create choreography for their programmes.

Romeo and Juliet

One of Gaby Taub's teachers in Russia was the famous Leonid Lavrovsky (also known as Ivanov) whose "Romeo and Juliet" (1940) was created in direct cooperation with Prokofiev, the composer of the music himself. It is still both historically and choreographically the finest version of the theme. In Rumania, Gaby Taub choreographed her own version but retained two scenes created by Lavrovsky — the wedding and the burial scenes. Indeed, she staged most of the great "classics" — "Giselle," "Swan Lake," "Copelia" — as well as providing all the choreography for the operas — "Aida," "Faust," etc. She gained several prizes, including the award of the title "National Artist."

The Classical Ballet, which is now rehearsing a new work by Roberto Trinchero (to be called "Conflict"), intends to make full use of Gaby Taub-Darvash's Russian techniques. "We are the only real classical company," Berta Yampolsky pointed out. "We don't do only classical ballet, but it is our mainstay. We think that Russian ballet style will enrich our dancing — and dance in Israel. We can't yet do the great classics on any big scale — but even that may come."

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Surprise trip at 87

By Ya'acov Ardon
Jerusalem Post Reporter

MEN and women born in 1884 had the surprise of their long lives this month when they found themselves invited to two long tours of the country, by one of their successful and well-known contemporaries, the Stock Distilleries. Fifteen men and twelve women, regardless of whether they owed their longevity to the joys of alcohol or the satisfactions of abstemiousness, took part in the outing on Monday.

By bus, accompanied by a Beilinson Hospital staff doctor and six nurses, they set off in the morning for Acre, toured the fishing harbour and Old City sights, were the guests at a reception in the town hall, and thanked acting Mayor Gershon Yosef with a gift for the hospitality.

After a light, meatless lunch, the 27 and their medical escorts, travelled to Daliat El Carmel where secular and religious leaders welcomed them with Oriental dignity, Turkish coffee and real interest. Old age, respected in the patriarchal East, brought some Druse elders to the reception who said they themselves were of 1884 vintage. They, however, owe their durability, at least in part, to the abstinence from alcohol, enjoined by their faith.

The last lap of the outing was a journey to Netanya whose Municipality will act as a patron to such an outing next year. Last week the veterans were treated to a similar trip to the South when they dropped in on Mr. David Ben-Gurion (by two years too young to qualify for an invitation by Stock). But he and one of the guests, Ya'acov Wabman of Nahalal, found they had come on the same boat from Odessa to Israel in 1908. Another treat for the travellers was a visit of the El Huzell tribe of Beduin in the Negev and its head, Sheikh Suleiman el Huzell.

The Stock Company was founded in Italy in 1884 and its Israel manager, Gideon Kotler, explained that the purpose of the outings (adding up to over one thousand kilometres) had been to bridge the generation gap and to instil in the younger people more regard for the old.

Dr. Corinne Barzilai, who looked after the 27 men and women, said their health was excellent and that only once a man had been in need of a pill, but had continued with the others to the end of the trip. "I'm much more tired than any of them," she said on the way back.

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